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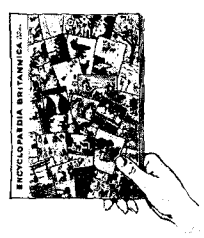

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FOR those who are tired of paltry crimes and unimaginative criminals we prescribe "The Great Abduction" by Arthur Somers Roche. And for those who like romance we prescribe acquaintance with lovely Myrna Dale, who figures largely in this kidnapping of the President of the United States. To all others (who could they be?) we mention that a new serial begins next week.

THE first time Ken Mallory saw Mary she was wearing the irreducible minimum in bathing suits. Ken was a little shocked. He feared that she might be modern.

The second time he saw her she was wearing a long dinner dress with ruffles. It made him afraid that she might be sweet and old-fashioned and afraid of mice.

Shortly after that they were married. Ken was a fine young man—but he had theories about marriage.

Leona Dalrymple records the amazing errors of this "Amateur Husband" who tried to act like a professional.

"GOVERNMENT Instrumentalities"—that's an impressive phrase and it has impressed a lot of people, among them the buyers of $1,700,000,000 worth of bonds put on the market since 1917 by the Federal and Joint Stock Land Banks. Those bonds are government instrumentalities. That means that they're exempt from taxation but it means little more.

The intention of the law under which these bonds were issued was to help the farmer. But last year mortgage foreclosure proceedings were brought against 16,601 farms by the land banks. And out of this double loss—to the bondholder and to the farmer—has grown a very handsome profit for the banks. Owen P. White shows you how this racket works in "Helping the Farmer Out"—the emphasis falls on *out*.

AMELIA HOWLAND had hair the color of honey and sun; she had a great, appealing pair of brown eyes and a soft, red mouth, with a lift and a promise of kisses. But when she opened that small, enchanting mouth, a dreadful voice came out of it—a blare of trumpets, rather, not a voice at all. It scared off all her admirers, and Amelia was pretty lonely—until she met Kerrigan Sheel. He was lonely, too, but for reasons of his own, as Ruth Burr Sanborn explains in "A Perfect Scream."

EDWARD L. McKENNA contributes "Water-Front Irish," the story of a prize-fighter's mistake and his mother's loyalty. John T. Flynn, Edgar Wallace, James Hopper, John B. Kennedy and Clinton W. Gilbert maintain their standard and ours. For you.

This Week

●

October 1, 1932

WALTER DAVENPORT
Hoover Loses the West. **A nonpartisan survey. Page 7**

TALBERT JOSSELYN
Against the Crowd. **When the gallery took a hand—and love won. Page 10**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Written in Smoke, **by Frederick Skerry. Page 12**

JOHN B. KENNEDY
From Hand to Hand. **Beauty at your finger tips. Page 13**

PHYLLIS DUGANNE
The Girl Who Made Good. **The triumph of simple, girlish allure. Page 14**

HOWARD McLELLAN
Satan's Teardrops. **Pearls snatched from a woman's neck—they drip bad luck. Page 16**

W. B. COURTNEY
More Fun and Less Arnica. **Football tries out its new rules. Page 18**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Crisp information. Page 20**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Wife for Sale, Conclusion. **Norah explains. Page 21**

ROARK BRADFORD
Old Average Lightning. **A miracle at Little Bee Bend. Page 22**

EDGAR WALLACE
The Frightened Lady, Part VIII. **Terror quickens its pace. Page 24**

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HENRY F. PRINGLE
Late-Blooming Barrymore. **Lionel—he can make Hollywood weep. Page 27**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
Special Reduction! **The sad fate of Federal economy. Page 29**

EDITORIAL
The Bright-Faced Future. **Page 50**

●

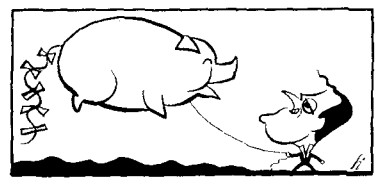
Any Week

"WELL," storms Mrs. J. L. Tuthill of Oberlin, Ohio, "what do you expect? We hire men to govern us that we wouldn't trust to carry out the ashes at home."

AND Mr. Joab Kissinger of Moscow, Idaho, views with thoroughly mingled feelings the latest verbal thunderbolt from Wilhelm (Safety First) Hohenzollern to the awakening Junkers in Germany: "Only through hard fighting lies the way to victory." Which, says Mr. Kissinger, will be appreciated by "those courageous and faithful German soldiers who were still on the battlefield when the Kaiser took that dashing night ride to Holland."

WHAT plays wholesale hob with Mr. Elbert London's faith in his fellow man is the perfidy of the taxpayer. From Logan, Arkansas, he writes: "My pet aversion is the man who will scream in agony at increased taxation for which he is largely responsible because of his persistent cheating in his returns and his insistence upon retaining in office men whose creed is that it makes no difference how you get it if you get it and can hold it."

THE price of hogs, declares Mr. R. F. Starzl of Le Mars, Iowa, will not affect the election. The election is affecting the hog prices. "The widespread confidence that Roosevelt will be elected is being reflected in better business everywhere."



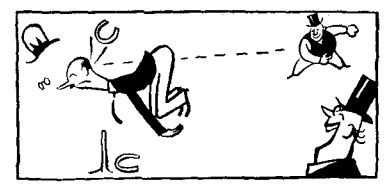
"THE enthusiasm with which about two million ex-service men and their families will vote for Mr. Hoover," writes Mr. Eddie Lanipher, ex-corporal A. E. F., from Des Moines, Iowa, "is matched only by the zeal of the soldiers and cops in clubbing and gassing the Bonus Boys out of Washington at Mr. Hoover's orders."

"ON the other hand," sniffs Mr. Lawrence O. Blaul of Miami, Florida, who probably isn't as ashamed of this as he should be, "Half an oaf is better than no head at all."

WHEREAT Mr. Russell Alexander of Greencastle, Indiana, plunges into something we're getting awfully tired of—economy. He asks us to consider the thrifty habits of the Japanese. Much against our will we do so, learning from Mr. Alexander that "even in a period of high wages, dollar wheat and no unemployment, the frugal Jap was wont to open but one section of his fan and save the other sections for further use. But now he opens the entire fan but waves his face before it while holding the fan motionless."

WHICH instantly aroused our insatiable thirst for verification. We telephoned immediately to our friend, Mr. Johnny Hiroshigi of Tokyo and New York, who said Mr. Alexander was correct about the head waggling but that it was not in the interests of economy.

"My countrymen," said Mr. Johnny Hiroshigi, "are shaking the head in wonder at the astonishing inability of Mr. Stimson, your Secretary of State, to understand the Manchurian situation."



WE, who are always suspecting, suspect that there is more than appears on the surface of this one from Mr. W. L. Scruggs of Lincoln, Nebraska, who wants to know "who buys the shovels that prepare the ground our post-office officials pitch horseshoes on every afternoon from one to three."

BUT Mr. Charles Shively of Springfield, Ohio, rushes in with a bit of solid advice for Mr. Hoover. "If," thinks Mr. Shively, "Mr. Hoover will lay claim to being a sixth cousin of Senator Pat Harrison and a seventh cousin to Senator Huey Long he will sweep the Solid South with the same ease that Fifth Cousin Franklin Roosevelt will carry such Republican states as, say, Pennsylvania."

JUST as we were beginning to despair for that much-advertised Yankee Ingenuity, comes a letter from Mrs. Stella M. Perkins of Freeport, Illinois. Mrs. Perkins, who likes to read a serial "all at one time," was being annoyed by her family's habit of walking off with her copies of Collier's, for which we haven't the heart to blame them. But it broke up her reading, which, of course, is something we positively will not tolerate.

"But," gloats she, "I got around this by making brown paper covers for all the Collier's I wanted to save and printing thereon such titles as Hoover's Acceptance Speech, Report of the Republican Convention, Defense of the Dry Law and so on. And my family did not touch one of them."

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Hoover Loses the West

Mr. Davenport was sent by Collier's to pause at strategic points in the West, hold up a dampened finger and note carefully the direction of the political winds. In this campaign the winds never cease to blow and Mr. Davenport's finger was singed twice—both times in California. This article is a political weather report and, of course, is not guaranteed

By Walter Davenport

OF THE Republican National Convention the Mountain States and the Pacific Coast expressed several immediate and apparently lasting opinions. It was referred to even by incorrigible Republicans as a Sunday-school picnic caught in the rain. It was spoken of in editorial sanctums and the speakeasies of the more erudite as a gathering of heavily armed surgeons gone unanimously Christian Science at the last moment while the patient groaned under the ether. Or a troupe of hop, step and jump specialists who had sprained their ankles hurdling buttercups.

Which gives you the idea. The Republican convention inspired all the rippling enthusiasm and sprightly zest of an overripe cantaloupe. Even in California, where any sixth-rate disaster gets a triple A-1 rating with vociferous huzzas, fireworks and several speeches of welcome by Sunny Jim Rolph, it refused to stand up and drink its orange juice. In California, his espoused home, Mr. Hoover's polite convention in its brief bid for popular interest barely managed to stagger across the finish line ahead of the love lives of Mrs. Aimee Semple MacPherson Hutton's relations, the coming-out of Kid McCoy, the record-breaking of Big Ben Eastman and Little Bill Carr, and whether Greta Garbo might come back.

From Seattle to San Diego and eastward to Denver, delegates heavily returned home to be greeted with such frayed mockeries as: Where have you been? What happened? Who was that guy Garfield?

Mr. Hoover having been nominated to everybody's amazement, the public turned to the Democratic conclave. Here was something to look to. At its worst it would be much more amusing. And possibly it might provide something substantial enough to pin a hope to. The West is far better at hope-pinning than the East, being nimbler, less tradition-throttled and possessed of infinitely more bounce. Not that immediate and lasting salvation was looked for from the Democratic deliberations (to call the sessions out of name), but it was now a well-established fact that the Republicans offered nothing more inspiring than four years more of Mr. Hoover. And four years more of Mr. Hoover, according to a gentleman who was giving me the low-down in the Portland, Oregon, city hall, was not even a good mystery story.

The President cannot hope to benefit from that intangible which was his chief asset in 1928—the Hoover Legend

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"In fact," he concluded, "we've had four years more of Mr. Hoover."

So the West was well prepared to give the Democratic convention its undivided attention and to enthuse to the full extent of the law, provided, of course, there was the slightest excuse for excitement. This was true in practically all those weary Western states that are by tendency, if not tradition, dependably Republican in national affairs—California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska and so on. Ready for a change, eager for a new deal, willing to follow a new leader who would walk the top of the earth and was not forever burrowing into its dark vitals. For concrete examples, let's stick for the present to the Pacific Coast states—Washington, Oregon and California.

They, particularly Washington and Oregon, are by laws and custom more receptive to political experiment, quicker to abandon what they may regard as errors of political judgment, more sensitive to Messianic suggestion. At the same time they have exhibited a faithfulness to the economic policies of Republicanism that has labeled them Republican states. They have deserted the Republican Presidential candidates infrequently, and then only in a crisis or by a fluke or because the Democratic aspirant has appealed hotly to the idealism that continues to flourish in their vigorous hearts. Therefore, in times like these, Republican Washington, Republican Oregon and Republican California may be regarded as fitting laboratories wherein to test the coming election. Like their sister states they are quite apt to sit tight while prosperity mans the wheel; but, unlike some of the chronically Republican Mid-West dependencies, their common sense impels them to desert a leaky ship.

There is no reason whatever to doubt that they are willing to abandon the Republican party now—particularly Washington and Oregon. Perhaps it would be a little closer to fact if we were to call it abandoning the beset Mr. Hoover, who, they assure you, was so accustomed to success that he was not equipped for adversity. As a mining engineer, they explain, he had the backing of millions of British pounds and of arbitrary, made-as-you-go law. Success was ready-made. As Food Administrator he had unlimited wealth at hand to buy unlimited food supplies. Triumph was inevitable. As Secretary of Commerce in days when all the fools in the world, working in idiotic unison, could not stem the tide of prosperity, the administration of which he was a part could not fail.

"And now," says the gentleman from Santa Clara, California—the gentleman who thought it would help if he took me out and showed me a thousand acres of fruit rotting on the ground, "And now Herbert is trying to apply the same old formula to his problems. Establishing vast funds to mitigate evils that are fundamental, not accidental. We don't need the gold cure. We need a new doctor, one of a newer school, or at least a different school. California, my friend, is for Californians while the sun shines. But she is perfectly willing and maybe a little anxious to call in an outsider if it rains too long. It doesn't sit well with us when one of our own, Neighbor Hoover, rushes to the aid of the bankers, to Wall Street, first."

It Had to Be Roosevelt

The Democratic convention produced no surprises for the West. Roosevelt (that magic name) was the best choice the Democrats could have made so far as the West is concerned. Had a Baker, a Ritchie, an Al Smith or any other more conservatively tongued candidate been chosen, the Western Democrats would have been far less sanguine. What they required was a man whose appeal would extend beyond their own ordinarily insufficient boundaries; someone whose words rolled on to thousands of Republican "forgotten men" and charmed them over. And Roosevelt (how sweet the name!), with his facile, easily digested philosophy, was vastly to be preferred to the erudite Baker, who would have professored the bewildered farmer and whose scholarly words would have kindled no fire in the hungry unemployed, who, now that winter approaches, long for heat. His was a far wider vote-appeal than Ritchie's. Ritchie meant nothing to the West. And Al Smith was burdened with the handicap of one overwhelming defeat, a defeat to which his own state had contributed.

And yet you may travel up and down the Pacific Coast and then wander east into those states which helped elect Herbert Hoover in 1928 and which are now willing to retire him, and you find little honest enthusiasm for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Perhaps the reason is in the temper of a people grown skeptical. Anyway Mr. Roosevelt does not inspire. Maybe the populace is a trifle too tired to thrill or even tingle. But one finds no Roosevelt excitement. Just hope.

On the other hand, there is a heavy antipathy for Mr. Hoover, who, in the opinion of the athletically minded, lacks a punch and isn't even clever. Influential Republican newspapers like General Blethen's Seattle Times are deserting Mr. Hoover as insufficient and embracing Mr. Roosevelt, but with a somewhat hollow vigor.

One may read the pro-Roosevelt editorials and reports in Mr. Hearst's papers in Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles without suspecting that they represent expediency rather than the convictions of the writers. The Scripps-Canfield papers—lusty, consistent and terribly sincere in their liberalism—are preaching Roosevelt on the theory that he offers most to the masses. But what with the diminishing influence of daily journalism in politics, the Roosevelt organization may not attach too much importance to newspaper ballyhoo.

The investigator gathers, too, that the President will not benefit now from that intangible which was one of his greatest assets in 1928, that made him feared by the Republican National Committee in 1920 and carried him into the Cabinets of two Presidents—the Hoover Legend.

The Hoover Legend, built up from his humanitarian offices as Food Administrator for Belgium, inflated him to almost saintly proportions, a sort of combination of St. Anthony and St. Nicholas. A great, beneficent figure, succoring the women and children.

It won him millions of the votes of women who might not have been swayed by his championship of prohibition or by the religion of his opponent. Like most men upon whom an overzealous management inflicts too great a reputation, who stagger under the Miracle-Man label, he is paying a heavy penalty. Upon him has descended the wrath of the disillusioned. Mr. Hoover was no miracle-maker and probably never consciously pretended to be; but such was the reputation his promoters attached to him.

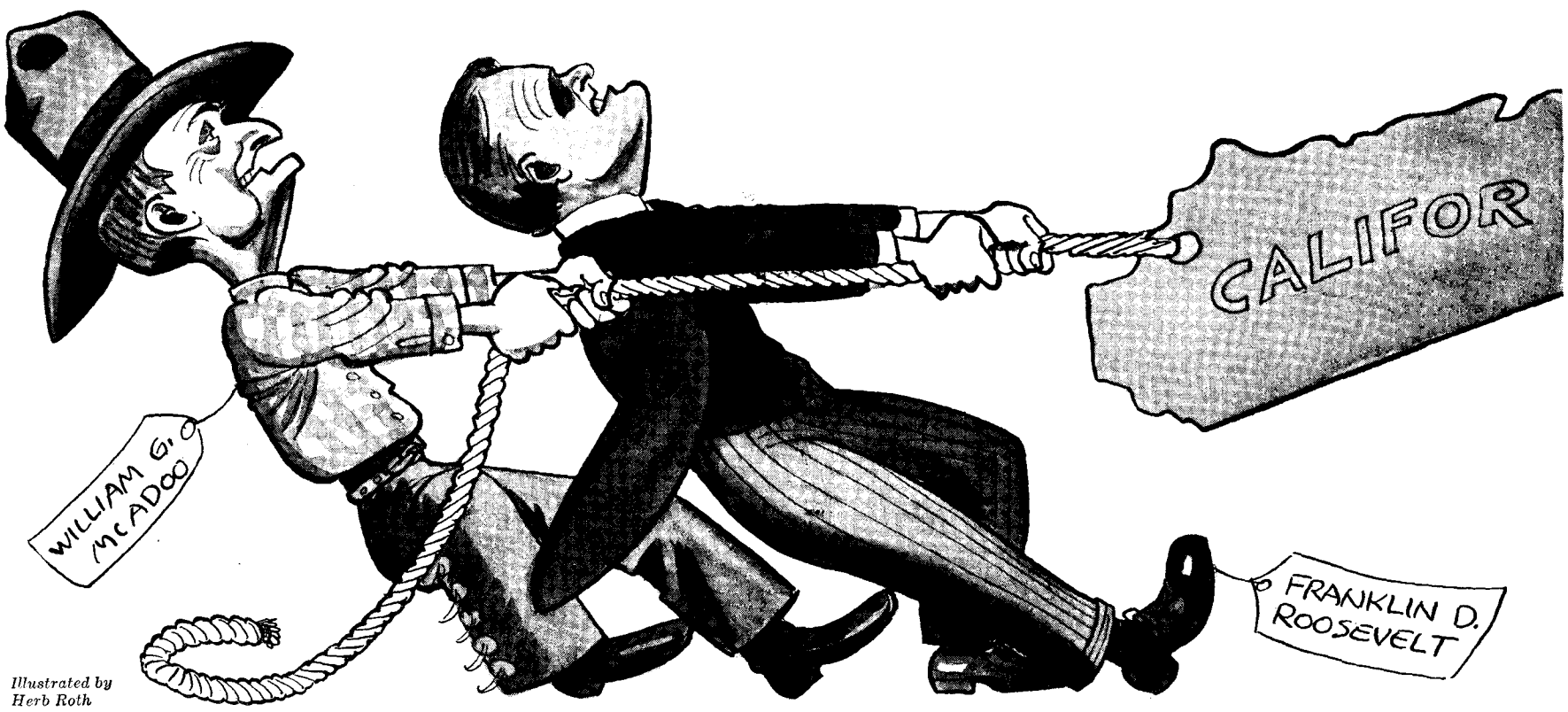
And so one gathers now that he is going to lose hundreds of thousands of woman votes in the West for "not doing something" to save what to the women is the most precious of their possessions—their homes; for not preventing unemployment conditions that have scattered their families and brought actual hunger into their kitchens. He saved the children of Belgium, he was ever ready to send millions of dollars of public money to Europe to feed the unfortunate mothers and fathers. What about his own Americans?

Leave It to the Ladies

I am not exaggerating the point at all. I heard it discussed in bitter words in a dozen places, none of them political. Mr. Hoover's woman vote was enormous in 1928; it will not be so this year. Instead, one sees a vast woman vote going to Mr. Roosevelt because in him the women see a hope of "better times" in which their families will be reunited and reëstablished and because Mr. Roosevelt's long, determined fight against infantile paralysis appeals strongly to the maternal.

The Roosevelt fortunes have other roots in the low estate the Republican organization finds itself in and the apparent determination of the great mass of the voting populace to try something new. In the very nature of things, the Democrats seem destined for success on the Pacific Coast this fall. Not that they are going to do it as a party. In Washington you behold thousands of registered Republicans signing up for Roosevelt—against Hoover. Curiously enough, they appear to be more enthusiastic than the Democrats, although not more hopeful. Generally speaking, they are a more alert crowd than the too-often disappointed and disorganized Democrats. In more conservative Oregon a high portent of change is seen in the defeat for renomination of the veteran Willis C. Hawley for Congress.

Before the primaries only a real gambler would have bet any considerable sum against Mr. Hawley, the essence of Northwestern Republicanism, co-author of the Hawley-Smoot tariff and



Illustrated by Herb Roth

The key men of Western politics are showing

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headlong Hooverite. That he was beaten at all indicates the determination of the voters to have done with the existing scene. Mr. Hawley was deeply intrenched and regarded as the most difficult aspirant to defeat. Mr. James W. Mott, his Republican conqueror, is no genius; his victory was not so much a personal triumph as the defeat of his rival was repudiation. Even Mr. Hawley's desperate last-moment bid—his promise to support a national prohibition referendum—failed to save him, although it saved him some votes.

Of one thing you may be sure: taps—at least a temporary taps—has been sounded for the Republicanism of Mr. Hawley's Tory quality. In Oregon one sees paralysis in the old Republican organization as clearly as in Washington. Oregon is due for a political reverse. The reverse will not necessarily be a Democratic victory; it will be a desertion of the Hoover standard by a discontented electorate that is making a shambles of party lines in one of those infrequent but heartening rejections of unsatisfactory administrations.

The California situation calls for much closer inspection than is possible in the campaign headquarters of the various candidates and the offices of the two major parties. In the words of one of Governor Jim Rolph's most robust and indefatigable rodeo boys, "the people are on the loose." One may at least suspect that the puissant Mr. Rolph's support of Mr. Hoover will not be any more fanatical than Senator Hiram Johnson's. And Mr. Johnson may not be expected to lay down his political life for Mr. Hoover, who, because Mr. Johnson is not an administration lover, has shorn him of patronage. As a matter of fact, one does not have to travel far in California to gather that had Mr. Hoover remained a native of Iowa and foregone the spiritual and material rewards of California citizenship, his chances of carrying that delectable state would be just about ten per cent of what they are today.

Senator Shortridge's defeat in the primary was not difficult to accomplish. He is not a particularly popular person even within his own organization. He is probably the least forceful and engaging prophet Mr. Hoover could have in California. Hitherto a stalwart regular, expediency has prompted him to desert Mr. Hoover on the World Court. His use of Republican patronage under Mr. Hoover has not been wholly happy, particularly in his refusal to acknowledge certain mistakes. At least one of his appointments is threatened with grand jury proceedings, although Mr. Shortridge's part in it cannot be called worse than poor judgment. But he has shown no more cunning in his patronage distribution than has Senator Frederick Steiwer in Oregon.

However, that is mere party discord. The approaching elections will be decided outside of party organizations, by the rupture of party lines, by the ugly temper of the general electorate that has got completely out of hand.

No Comfort in California

An erstwhile die-hard dry, Senator Shortridge had come out belatedly for a referendum but against repeal. The votes that elected him to office came out of Southern California, the dry end of the state. Thus the advantage he had had in Southern California because of his friendship for and in the Anti-Saloon League was slightly dissipated.

The fact is that Mr. Tubbs, the Republican candidate for senator, is facing an opponent who may not only defeat him but drag the state over to Mr. Roosevelt. That gentleman, Mr. McAdoo, for all his embrace of the Democratic national platform and its juicy repeal plank, is still the idol of great congregations of drys who have populated lush Southern California. Mr. McAdoo may not be a hero in San Francisco, where Al Smith is mourned with increasing tears, but he is a great card below the divide—what with his fine record in and out of public office and his undisputed political sagacity. Some call it opportunism instead of sagacity; but let us not quibble about terms.

Therefore it is difficult to convince oneself that politically the California heavens are propitious to the fortunes of Mr. Tubbs, who may look for no particular comfort from Senator Johnson, his rebellious colleague in San Francisco, nor to those of Mr. Hoover, who is being held responsible for all California's economic cramps from unmarketable grapes to punk movies, from the decline of the tourist traffic to the complete collapse of prohibition enforcement now that the Mexican border is open until midnight. One gathers in California that Mr. Hoover should have been a better Californian, but it is not made clear precisely what he might have done to achieve such prominence. One does not have to be even mildly fond of Mr. Hoover to feel a little sorry for him.

I talked to country editors (incidentally finding them much shrewder and better informed than their city brethren), to farmers, to clerks—employed and otherwise—to doctors, lawyers, politicians and teachers. And as I talked the astonishing fact grew that Herbert Hoover's name was being mentioned a dozen times to Franklin Roosevelt's once.

True enough, Mr. Hoover was usually discussed adversely, the rest of the time with praise so faint as to be barely discernible. But almost invariably the speakers, Republican and Democratic, discussed Mr. Hoover in national terms, devoting extraordinary time to what they regarded as his failures, his shortness of vision, his incapacity for including the little fellow in his manifestoes. his genius for antagonisms, all of which terms I quote, not express.

Mr. Roosevelt was not thus honored. Rather than telling me of Roosevelt—what he would do, why they would vote for him, wherein he appealed to them, what of all his political activities awoke their admiration—rather than this they asked me about him: What relation was he to T. R. (how they would vote for a T. R. today!), what he was going to do about Jimmie Walker (not that they seemed to care), about his health, why it was that he was a Democrat when all the other political Roosevelts were Republicans, what ruined his once beautiful friendship with Al Smith, whether it was true that he hated horses (this from a lady who had it from a sister back East that Governor Roosevelt disbanded the New York National Guard cavalry because he was once bitten by a horse), whether Mrs. Roosevelt was his second wife, whether it was true that John Nance Garner had accepted the Vice Presidential nomination because he had been shown a doctor's certificate whereon it was testified that Franklin Roosevelt could not live more than a year. And so on and on.

Thus they discussed Mr. Roosevelt in terms of small gossip rather than of national conditions and policies. Now and then in Washington and Oregon his reforestation theories were given a thorough airing, and never with admiration.

What the great timber interests of the Northwest thought of Mr. Roosevelt's reforestation ideas, particularly as expressed in his acceptance speech in Chicago, was deftly crystallized by Mr. C. C. Chapman, editor of The Oregon Voter.

Anyway, It Sounds Fine

For each year that Mr. Roosevelt maintained a million men in reforestation employment, said Mr. Chapman, an ultimate yield of twenty-eight billion dollars in logs would be required to pay back the original cost and carrying charges.

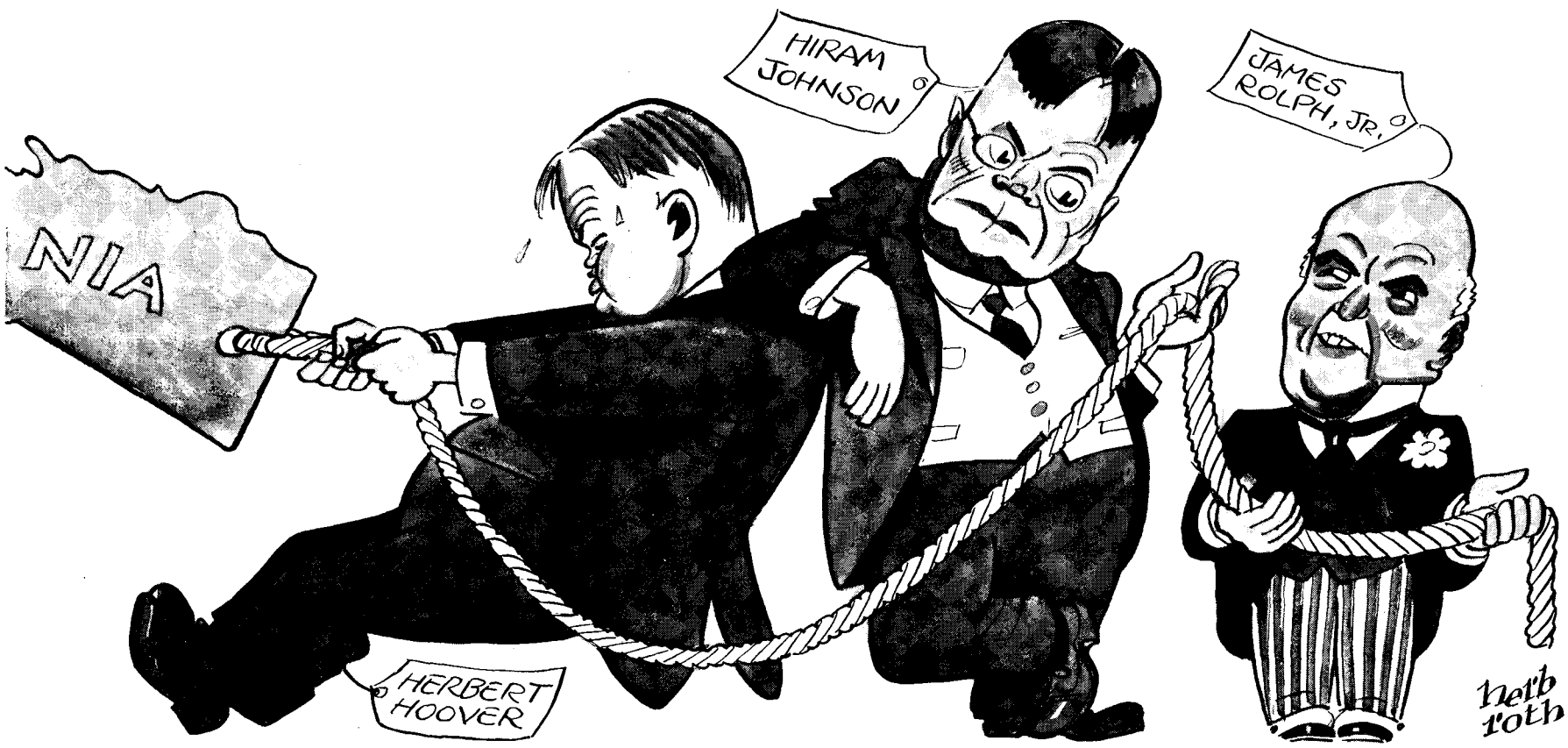
"This ultimate yield from each year's original million men employed in reforestation," said Mr. Chapman with a weary smile, "would involve cutting six thousand billion feet of logs which would have to yield three times as much as all the commercial timber now standing in the United States in one grand cut. In other words, Governor Roosevelt's project involves an annual planting to yield three times as much forest product as all the commercial timber now in the country would yield if all cut at once.

To sum it up briefly, Governor Roosevelt's forte cannot be forestry. However, it sounds fine if you know nothing about timber."

Nevertheless, there are many thousands of voters in the Northwest who are not so much concerned with the feasibility of the Roosevelt plan as that he should place their personal welfare ahead of an analysis of the lumber market and timber wisdom. At least, they say, Mr. Roosevelt is thinking of them and not the financiers, the manufacturers, the bankers, the timber proprietors.

Briefly, Mr. Roosevelt proposes to put a million men to work at once by the

(Continued on page 45)



a disposition to abandon the beset Mr. Hoover

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Against the Crowd

By Talbert Josselyn

Sam West, golfer, shocks the gallery. Old Frank Murdock amazes it. Old Frank's granddaughter astounds it. Here's the whole exciting story—

AS THEY went across the lawn from his wide-spreading, oak-shaded house that bordered the fairway of the golf course, Frank Murdock told himself that this would probably be the last time that he and his granddaughter, Alicia, would ever gallery the state championship together. It was in the cards of life that Alicia would marry, and the sort of man whom she would marry would not be old Frank Murdock's axle-making kind. Frank Murdock—*the* automobile axle Murdock—who had started as a blacksmith. Not one of them had ever worked with his or her hands—or heads, for that matter—yet, the talked-of, the photographed, the written-about, the . . . how was it the latest smart magazines had described them? . . . Oh, yes, the *bien soignées*. . . . The charming people. . . . Huh!—the processed eggs!

Yet, his granddaughter Alicia's crowd, and therefore welcome. His granddaughter's crowd, so much like her father's crowd before her; Frank Murdock, Junior, society-married, and dead these many years ago with his wife as the result of an Alpine motor accident.

Alicia, once more with him. . . .

They reached the edge of the lawn-bordering fairway, and a pair of the championship-contending golfers went striding by. Up the course, from a tee, sounded the faint crack of club on ball . . . another crack. The next pair of players had driven. Beyond these, hemming a green, was a great group of people, which meant that the state champion, the favorite, was putting there.

But there was no hint of what was going on in his mind as the two went across the grass. Rather, there was a smile on the tanned face, and a youthful set to the broad shoulders of this man who had wrought a fortune out of iron.

Alicia was with him once again—and that was all that he could ask.

Alicia, tall, willowy, blue-eyed, with an aureole of golden-red ringlets and a small, brimless hat set on the back of her head; and she slipped an arm through her grandfather's.

"My, but it's fun being together again!"

"Certainly is," agreed Frank Murdock.

"I'm going to have some of the crowd in this afternoon, after the matches. That will be all right?"

"Fine!" agreed old Frank. "Have as many as you like."

And he smiled . . . to hide what he thought of some of those who would be there, of the bright young men who were always trying to sell him bonds, or Foundation schemes, or Brazilian rubber plantations; and the brighter young women, in tan make-up so dark that it looked like powdered chocolate, with lips like red slashes, young women who gave mature and outspoken opinions in husky voices upon all things and sundry, even to the quality, or lack of quality, of their host's cigarettes and liquor. Her crowd!

CHAMPIONSHIP week, on the golf course that Frank Murdock knew so well. The course over which, now and then, he whacked at a golf ball; the course over which, without clubs, but carrying an old walking stick, he made daily pilgrimages of joy—quarter-mile stretches of green fairway buttressed by great oaks and pines; breezes fingering the leaves; the sun wheeling up through a blue, blue sky; the sea, equally blue, stretching far and far to a distant horizon; waters lapping lazily on a sheltered curve of beach; waters thundering in, white and surging, where great cliffs poised and made their plunge. . . .

The champion and his opponent and their gallery were now coming down the fairway, the two players and their caddies a little ahead, the gallery stretching across the width of grass, and colorful as a flower garden undulating in a breeze.

Frank Murdock and Alicia joined a fringe of the crowd as champion and opponent came up to their drives. From the followers rose greetings; greetings in the main addressed to Alicia: "Hello. . . . How're you? . . . Howdy! Gallerying along with us?"

"No, not right now," said Alicia. "Later on."

Champion and opponent shot; there was a spat-spat of applauding hands; the gallery padded on . . . dwindled down the fairway. The next pair of golfers hove in sight . . . the next . . . and so on. Known players; unknown players; players with small galleries and players with none; seekers, all, after the tall, historic silver cup. And now they were nearly all gone; just a few more to pass, and these the wholly unknowns, the least favored, the ones at the end of the starting time, at the bottom of the list.

Casually, at first, old Frank Murdock noticed the young fellow who was advancing to where his ball lay before them. Bareheaded; short-sleeved. Good, strong, homely face; square jaw and deep-set eyes; and hair that had put up an awful fight with the comb before giving in, and then hadn't given in very much, either. Clothes . . . Old Frank Murdock's gaze became more interested. Clothes that undoubtedly had been shopped around for, and in some small town; lightweight sweater and golf hose that didn't match; knickers that had come ready-for-wear; shoes that had never walked out of any exclusive golf bootery.

The older man now took in the young fellow's arms and hands. Frank Murdock, one-time blacksmith, knew arms and hands; and this young golfer's arms and hands looked as though they had worked and worked hard.

"Darned good arms and hands," muttered the old man, and it was with growing interest that he watched him take a club from his bag.

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"He looked right at me, and he

The young fellow studied the distant, trap-guarded green, took stance . . . sent club-head whipping through. The ball was away like some scared thing; low, tremendously fast . . . and off line. It landed on hard ground to the right of a trap, and skidded off into the rough. The young fellow's face showed no disappointment; didn't change in the least; and remained the same when his opponent shot full and true to the green. Good fighter, decided old Frank; might lose the hole, but he'd put up a fight for it, anyway.

THE young fellow and his opponent started on.

"Say, let's follow them," said Frank Murdock to Alicia. "I want to see that bareheaded one get out of the rough—the one with the darned good arms and hands."

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thought I did it. He was winning, and now. . . ."

"Oh," said Alicia. She glanced at the young fellow, but if she made any note of him, it was not because of the arms and hands, but rather because of the mismatched clothes. Grandfather and granddaughter swung in behind the pair; came up to where the young fellow's ball lay in the rough.

Swiftly the owner of the darned good arms and hands scrutinized his lie, looked over to the narrow-flanked, trap-guarded green, and then reached for a club. Deep he set his feet in the thick grass. Club blade flashed in bright arc. The ball popped up like a startled white bird; winged high across rough and trap; dropped on the green; kicked beside the hole, and came to rest.

The darned good arms and hands had done their work.

"Fine shot!" involuntarily cried old Frank Murdock.

The young fellow turned his head to throw a quick look. Then he smiled; a boy's smile—an engaging grin.

He took putter from the caddie and went toward the green.

Frank Murdock spoke to the caddie: "Just a minute." The tall, shambling caddie stopped. "What's your player's name?"

"Huh?" said the caddie.

"What's your player's name?"

"I . . . uh . . . I forget."

FRANK MURDOCK snorted. The last and the least in the pick of the caddies. In a championship a caddie was something more than a bag-carrier; he was the same as the second to a prize-fighter in the ring, giving encouragement, advice, holding the player steady. And the young fellow had gotten this one, who couldn't even remember his player's name.

"Come on," said Frank Murdock crisply to Alicia, and went toward the green.

A faint smile was on Alicia's face—a smile at the interest that her grandfather was showing in these unknowns.

The opponent made a long approach putt that just shaved past the hole. The young fellow who had caught Frank Murdock's attention gave one good look at his lie, then tapped his ball down. Then gestured that he conceded the other's putt.

"HALVED," said old Frank. "Good stuff." He quickened pace to intercept the opponent's caddie. "What's the other player's name?"

"West," said the caddie. "Sam West."

"Where's he from?"

"From over in the Valley, I think."

"Thanks," said Frank Murdock. "Name's West," he said to Alicia as the two went toward the tee. "Sam West, from somewhere over in the Valley."

The smile on Alicia's face deepened.

"I thought it might be Bobby Jones," she said.

Her grandfather regarded her sharply, then gave answering smile. "Well, I'll string along with him just the same."

"He certainly looks as though he came from over in the Valley," said Alicia.

A stiffness sounded in her grandfather's tone. "Well, I'll bet that he paid for his clothes with his own money."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Alicia.

"I had," said her grandfather.

In silence the two fell to following the match; followed it—a good, close, even match, but nothing spectacular. Over the horizon appeared the great gallery coming back up the course, following the state champion. And Alicia Murdock gave a tug at Frank Murdock's arm.

"Oh, now let's follow these for a while!"

Frank Murdock roused himself as though from a reverie. "Why, sure, sure, of course," and turned with Alicia in the direction of the gallery. As they went, he once more spoke, looking off toward young Sam West. "He's one down. And the toughest holes are coming up. If that wind starts getting funny—twisty as a corkscrew—and he doesn't savvy it. . . . Well, I'll bet he takes that other fellow, anyway!" And then they were among the gallery, and a group of young people were greeting Alicia, and she was greeting them—girls in tan-brown make-up and lips redder than red, young men with tassels on their golf hose and little feathers in jaunty hats, voices at happy cackle as they streamed along. . . . *The* crowd. *Her* crowd.

"Huh," said old Frank Murdock, and began imperceptibly to edge away, so that finally he was by himself in the gallery. Not that he wouldn't see them again—he'd see them all at his house later, for drinks.

And he did. Upon the house they descended like travelers who have crossed a wide, wide desert; and at the third attempt of one of them—a glossy-haired, motion-picture type of young man—to interest old Frank in the greatest money-making proposition of the ages, he contrived to get out a side door and go walking across the links toward the sea. In his mind's eye he again saw the young fellow of the shopped-for clothes and the darned good arms and hands. No, you wouldn't find one like him back there in that crowd. . . . The old man swished at grass with his walking stick and laughed briefly at the thought of Alicia even thinking of asking anybody like him.

His stroll took him past the eighteenth green and the clubhouse, before which

stood the big score board. He stepped over to it and ran his eye down the list. And:

"West," he read. "One up, twentieth hole."

"Good boy!" said old Frank. "Won out after all! Say, tomorrow I think I'll follow him all the way around."

"That young fellow won out at the twentieth," he told Alicia at dinner.

The granddaughter puzzled over this for a moment.

"Oh . . . the one we followed for a while this morning?" Then her eyes twinkled, and she nodded with mock assumption of satisfaction. "Say, I'll bet that his home-town folks . . ."

HER grandfather gave a loud snort, and then his own eyes began to twinkle. "All right, go ahead and make fun of him. But . . . I'm gallerying him tomorrow."

He did, and when, on the eighteenth green, Sam West rammed down a twenty-foot putt to win, a glowing old Frank Murdock exhaled noisily, mopped his face with a handkerchief as though he had played every hole himself, and said, "Whew! Some finish! Say, I need a drink."

And then it occurred to old Frank Murdock that maybe young Sam West might need a drink, too. And old Frank

(Continued on page 41)

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Written in Smoke

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

Illustrated by Edmund F. Ward

"That's where the smoke comes from," Sloane insisted. "Come on, Frank!" the constable cried

SLOANE arrived at the fire tower, its spindly steel legs straddling a hilltop of the state forest, before he realized that his three-mile walk was finished. The iron stairs, zigzagging upward to the glassed-in chamber, presented their usual difficulty, but he climbed them slowly, unlocked the trapdoor above his head, and stepped into the square room. He lighted the oil heater—for the mornings were still sharp—and uncovered the iron stand that supported the circular map, its protecting glass and the bronze sighting rod, revolvable on the center of a graduated circle. From the bag containing his luncheon he took his field glasses.

But, though habit noted all he saw within their range—the gray landscape touched with a haze of green, distantly spotted by the browns of plowed fields, and pierced by church steeples, white monitory fingers that marked scattered settlements—his customary pleasure was clouded by preoccupation.

That this peaceful countryside, budding into its wonted loveliness, could be invaded by so unnatural a thing as murder seemed impossible. But that the victim should have been his good friend! The shock of that loss dulled his senses, wrenched his thoughts from his own affairs. John Wier! Dead! And only two nights ago they had sat together in Wier's house, two rather lonely men, finding in long silences that comradeship which may not be attained by mere conversation. If he had even dreamed that it was destined to be their last night together!

The drone of a car toiling up the rough road and the sharper coughing of a motorcycle interrupted Sloane's reflections, jumbled recollections of his replies to the coroner's questions, pointed questions the purport of which had glanced off the armor of his grief. He lowered his glasses as the sounds drew near—isolation had begotten in him an interest in the rare passer-by. The car stopped, and a man climbed out, looking ludicrously squat from Sloane's elevation. When he looked up, Sloane saw that he was Jim Bowles, the town constable. The other, a state trooper, he did not recognize.

BOWLES sat, puffing, on the single tall stool that the room boasted. He glanced indifferently over the landscape. "Beats me, Sloane," he panted, "how you stand it up here. Lonely. Nothing ever happens."

"Lots of things happen," Sloane smiled, turning from the world outside to glance at the red-faced, hard-breathing constable and the silent trooper. "Marvelous sunsets, majestic storms, cloud shadows on the hills—well, I'd say a good deal happens up here. And always a filling peace."

"Well," said Bowles, eying the little room and letting his glance stray to the empty sky, "it would drive me crazy. But it's no use makin' out that I came up here to pass the time of day—I wouldn't climb them dizzy steps unless I had to. This Wier business looks bad for you, Sloane."

Sloane stopped in his circuit of the room and faced the constable. "For *me!*" he protested. "Why, he was my friend!"

"But I ain't the coroner." Bowles looked straight into the frank, gray eyes that regarded him with amazement. "Look at it from a stranger's angle: Here's a man, the town treasurer, murdered with his own axe in the night, and town money stolen; you're the last one to see him alive—you say you left his house before ten o'clock; Mrs. Heap testifies you come in around ten, you go up to your room, you walk around, restless-like, and then you go out again a little before eleven; that ain't natural, so she watches and sees you come from the direction of John Wier's a little after one. In the country, people don't go so late unless . . ."

"I explained that at the inquest," Sloane broke in wearily. "There was a full moon that night—late. You've no idea how beautiful it is to look out. . . ." But from a temporary brightness he relapsed into his former apathy. "I often come up here on moonlight nights. And I couldn't come here without passing John Wier's. Of course, I can't prove it; you can walk all over the township at night and not meet a soul."

"That's what looks unreasonable: walkin' all of three miles at that time of night to climb up in this crow's nest just to look at the moon."

"Not at the moon," Sloane corrected. "At the scenery. I know I must seem queer to people around here. But—"

"BESIDES," Bowles pursued, "yesterday you sent a money order from Maysville, and there's a stuck-together ten-dollar bill in your money that Herb Rowe swears he paid to Wier."

"I know that. John Wier cashed my check for me. I had to send money to my sister."

"Another thing, nobody else saw the man you thought you saw that night. If you really saw a man, he must have gone up in smoke. Mrs. Heap didn't see him, and she was watchin' all the time."

"At the time I wasn't sure and I concluded it was a shadow I'd seen. But what happened proves that I did see somebody, doesn't it? A tramp, no doubt."

"W-e-l-l," drawled Bowles, "I hope you're right. But there's a man comin' to take your place here. You'll have to come with us."

But Sloane was not listening. Bowles watched him stop, lift his glasses and focus them intently. Satisfied, he laid them down and, turning to the map stand, sighted the bronze rod to line with the thin shaft of smoke that rose in the northwest. Jotting down the degree at which the rod crossed the circle that encompassed his position on the map, he picked up the telephone. His call having been put through, he said, "Tower Forty? Sloane, Tower Thirty-nine! Northwest, sixty-three and a half."

ENTIRELY forgetful of his visitors, he waited while the observer on Tower Forty, on an eminence eleven miles distant, sighted the smoke from that position. In a moment a reply came, giving direction and degree. Accordingly Sloane laid a rule from the center of Tower Forty through the graduated circle, which, like his own, enclosed that tower on the map. The rule intersected the line of the sighting rod at a point near the edge of a large lake. He picked up his glasses again and leveled them.

"Hm!" he grunted. "That New York man came up early this season."

"Who?" asked Bowles, his interest suddenly sharpening. "Metcalf? Why, he wouldn't come till the fishin' season opens—never does. And he always wires me, so I can have the place ready."

"But," Sloane insisted, "somebody has just built a fire in that camp of his. That's where the smoke comes from."

"By jingo!" The constable slid from his stool. "Come on, Frank!" he cried to the trooper, as he made for the trapdoor.

"Let me know, will you?" Sloane called to the descending figures. But somehow, resuming his vigilance, he felt that it would be unnecessary; something told him that John Wier would be avenged.

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Photos by N. Lazarnick

From Hand to Hand

Why the manicure? For beauty and allure, Cleopatra would say. For grooming, according to the late Theodore Roosevelt. To help get and keep a job, say business men and women. Reasons enough why manicure emporiums are not at all short of hands

By John B. Kennedy

A GILDED barge floats by the banks of the Nile. A woman reclines beneath a gilded canopy. Slaves wave peacock fans. Through languid eyes she watches a skilled handmaiden at a taboret on which is a crystal bowl of scented oils and rose leaves, phials of henna and strips of orange stick and pumice. Cleopatra is being manicured.

Step into any sizable department store and see any young woman, possibly as fair as Cleopatra, take a comfortable chair. Before her sits a servitor with a bowl of rose leaves on scented suds, orange sticks and henna, nippers and buffers and pumice.

No difference after all these centuries, except that the manicure of today, charging a dollar, gets more than the manicure of old. The art remains the same, an item in the complex routine of beauty aid, the results of which do not always preclude a suspicion that beauty needs more aid than it gets.

The artists do not remain the same as their art. They've improved. When manicuring, especially for men, was deemed a short cut to romance for fops or flirts, manicurists were esteemed accordingly. Now manicuring has become as much a necessity as hair-trimming, the ladies of the nippers are regarded less as part-time houris and more as full-time working girls whom Heaven need go to no particular pains to protect because they make enough money to eschew flexible morals.

In the strenuous days of Theodore Roosevelt, when mountain-climbing was quite as much in vogue as social climbing, the manicure asserted itself as an item in what the well-dressed man will dare. Mr. Roosevelt himself was careful to keep his hands groomed no matter how mightily they wielded the big stick. There was a leader of American industry—a manicurist of long experience tells me this—who was always noted for his impeccable appearance. Part of the secret was that three times a week he sent for this young woman and, while a barber shaved him in his Fifth Avenue mansion, she operated on his fingers. He was Henry Frick, steel magnate.

His meticulousness at one time excited newspaper curiosity. In an unguarded moment a reporter caught this young woman with a question. Yes, she answered with considerable pride, she was Mr. Frick's manicure.

A Hint to Handshakers

The next afternoon, plain print dismayed her. Mr. Frick did not summon her that day. Another day, and no summons. A third day and the call to the manicure parlor came to send a girl to Mr. Frick's house. His regular manicurist went. His presence was foreboding. He said nothing until she had finished the operation and she ventured an apology.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, "that I told that reporter I was your manicure."

"I'm glad," said the severe Mr. Frick, adding, as the girl's eyes widened in relief, "Anything to promote clean hands is welcome. I have to shake so many of them."

Men of social as well as business importance, like John Jacob Astor, whom this same artist served, were regular clients of the professional manicurists long before finger-trimmers came to be as commonplace as hairdressers. Colonel Astor was extremely particular about his hands. He detested any perfumed lotions on them and would have the nails cleaned with nothing but plain suds. He also tipped a dollar, no more, no less, after the twice-weekly operation on his fingers.

This same obliging person can gossip engagingly about the intermittent parade of male notables that passed through the portals of the Plaza and the St. Regis, at one time New York's most fashionable tonsorial resorts for men; they ranged from plutocrats to prize fighters, even Jack Dempsey hastening to have his nails trimmed after his knuckles had given M. Georges Carpentier, also partial to manicuring, an open-air anesthetic in Boyle's Thirty Acres.

All her gossip, while pertinent, could not improve the point that manicuring became a necessity for males who must care for appearance when leaders in all walks of life found it necessary.

"You'd be surprised," a roving-eyed, red-haired young person, popular in a large chain barber shop, told me, without in the least surprising me, "how the weekly manicure habit has grown among business men, even among clerks.

"I've figured it out," she added, with the calculating gleam of one with a bent for figuring things out, "that at least fifty per cent of the men who come into this shop for hair-trims take manicures. Especially, I've noticed, if they're inclined to be a bit bald. Then they seem to want to build up the rest of their appearance to make up for lack of hair. Although," she added with a cautious gleam toward a chair containing a large, personable and high-domed customer, "I know lots of bald men that are really handsome."

This Titian with a talent for figuring estimates that, on an average, she attends to more than a hundred pairs of male hands a week.

"And by far the most of them," she said precisely, "are regular. Now and again a feller comes in who, you can tell, is just trying out a manicure because he's never had one before, and he wants to primp up *(Continued on page 30)*

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The Girl who Made Good

By Phyllis Duganne

It's not such a job to win a man. The trick is to make him win you

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

THE entire family—and Dr. Bill Abbott—went to see Judy Gilman graduated from Miss King's School. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman motored down from Vassar with Kay, and Dr. Bill obligingly drove across to Connecticut to pick up Punch from the Academy.

"To think," said Bill, when Judy finally—and forever—broke from the ranks of Miss King's pupils and joined them, "that I should live to see this day!"

Judy Gilman was a vision of girlish grace, slender, supple, all in fluttering white, but there was nothing dewy or dreamy about the glint in her cold blue eyes as she looked at the young doctor.

"Sometimes I'm surprised that you've been let live so long, too," she remarked.

He laughed at her. He had been let live, in the house next door to the Gilmans, for a quarter of a century—five years longer than Kay, seven years longer than Judy, and ten years longer than Punch. But there was, as he had often pointed out, only one of him and three of them, so he had had to be pretty brutal about it.

Kay had not been so bad, but Judy and Punch had been thorns in his flesh. "*Where you goin', Bill? Take me, too!*" They had always been sitting on the fence, or squirming through the hedge, whenever he went in or out. When he achieved white pants and his first girl, they became almost more than man could bear. "*Oooh, lookit Bill, all dressed up! Where you GOIN', Bill?*"

HE WAS twenty-five now, and his name, William Abbott, M. D., hung below his father's on their door, but he was not sure yet that he had forgiven Judy all. The time he took Sally Blaine for a moonlight ride and discovered, much too late for his future comfort, Judy in the closed rumble seat. The time . . .

"Judy really looks sweet, doesn't she?" Kay was murmuring, with a tender affection inspired by a long separation from her young sister.

"Sweet?" Bill repeated. "Did you say *sweet*, Kay?"

Judy shot him another cold blue look, but said nothing. Likewise, she said nothing when her father commanded, "You hop in the back of the car with Punch, Judy, and let Kay ride home with Bill."

"Hey, you taken a vow of silence or somethin'?" Punch demanded, after they had traveled about twenty miles.

Judy looked at her brother with preoccupied eyes. "Huh?"

"Oh, you're goofy!" he said disgustedly.

Bill and Kay reached the house first, and were sitting on the porch when the Gilman car arrived.

"Is it good to be home!" Kay exclaimed, jumping up and embracing her parents. "Oh, Mother—Dad—home!"

Judy, still in her graduation dress, floated up the walk, her blue eyes shining. "Is it good!" she echoed. "Oh—lordy!" She stood and looked up at the white clapboards of the house, at the ivy and geraniums blowing from the window-boxes, the raspberry-striped awnings fluttering in the June wind. "Home—and through with school forever!" she cried ecstatically.

"Forever, Judy?" asked her father, smiling and dropping down into one of the large wicker chairs. "Helen, how about some cold ginger ale?"

"Oh—you mean *school*," said Kay.

"Uh-huh," Judy agreed dreamily, sitting down on the top step and clasping her arms about her knees. "*No* more classrooms—*no* more books!" she singsonged. "*No* more teachers' dir-r-rty looks—"

"COLLEGE is quite different," Kay said.

"I presume it is," agreed Judy, and her mother, reappearing with a tray, looked at her thoughtfully.

"Let me take that—" Bill had jumped to his feet.

"You have decided on Vassar, haven't you?" asked Kay. "It'll be fun, you know—"

"Uh-huh," said Judy. "I'm through, Kay. *No* more classrooms—*no* more books—"

Kay's dark eyes narrowed. "You mean you aren't going to college at all?"

Judy turned to her father. "There, Daddy, see what a college education does for a girl! She got the idea the fourth hand round!"

Mr. Gilman laughed, as Judy had intended that he should, and Kay said just what Judy wanted her to say.

"Well, what *are* you going to do, then?"

Judy smiled. "I'm going to get married."

All of them started, even Punch.

"To whom?" Her father spoke first.

"To someone as much like you as possible, darling," she answered promptly, and Kay snorted. "I haven't picked him out yet, but I want to start looking. No time to waste on anything as serious as that!"

"Oh, honestly, Judy—" said Kay.

"Who'd wanta marry you?" Punch asked, rolling over in the hammock.

Judy's bright eyes rested for a brief moment on his back. "Come back in a couple of weeks and ask me again," she suggested.

Bill Abbott was grinning at her. "Are you planning to pick on local talent?" he asked.

"I've been thinking about it," she said. "I don't want a career like Kay, so what's the use of wasting money sending me to college? I can read an' write. And I know I'd make a simply elegant wife and mother."

"I think you're revolting," said her sister.

"Revolting?" Judy echoed. "Mother, sock her one—you're nearer."

"You might marry Bill," said Punch.

"Hey!" cried Bill, leaping to his feet.

Kay laughed. "Picture Judy as a doctor's wife—comforting the sick!"

"A doctor's wife," retorted Judy promptly, "does not comfort the sick, darling. She comforts the doctor." Her father chuckled, and Bill Abbott eyed her, his head on one side. "Oh, sit down, Bill—you're quite safe."

"You bet I am," he agreed.

"YOU," she told him generously, "can see all my children through their measles and mumps. It will give you a practice, at last."

He made a face at her.

"How many children are you planning to have, Judy?" asked Mr. Gilman.

"Oh—seven or nine," said Judy.

"You'd better pick a rich husband."

"Oh, I will," she assured him. "Rich and handsome."

"Can I bear it?" asked Kay.

Judy looked at her. "Yes, you can bear it," she said. And added sweetly,

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"Don't rush the man, Kay!" Judy protested. "Let him get to know me gradually." Judy's blue eyes looked into Purcell's brown ones

almost innocently, "It—not them, dear."

"Really, Judy—" protested her mother.

Kay had flushed, and Bill Abbott's amused gray eyes, moving from Judy's bland face to her sister's, had made her flush even more deeply. "I'd laugh, Judy," she said, a trifle acidly, "if it weren't so pathetic. Just how do you expect to get a rich and handsome husband?"

Judy shrugged. "Easiest thing in the world, Kay—just simple, girlish allure."

BILL choked, and Punch rolled out of the hammock and disgustedly left the veranda.

"Don't go far, Punch!" his mother called after him. "It's nearly dinner time." She turned to the young doctor. "Won't you stay and eat with us, Bill?"

"Thanks—I think I'd better go home." He stood, tall and brown, his hands in his pockets, grinning down at Judy. "I don't know whether it's my duty or not to warn the young manhood of Harfield against this designing woman," he murmured.

She looked up at him impudently. "Suit yourself, doctor—but perhaps in your own interests—" Her blue eyes flickered. "I mean, think of nine cases of mumps!"

"Honestly, Mother!" Kay protested.

Bill Abbott continued to look down at Judy thoughtfully.

"Do they still have those quaint little dances at the club, Saturdays?" she asked him abruptly.

"I believe they do," he said.

"Then how," she inquired, "would you like to escort me, tomorrow night, Bill? You won't have to stay long—I'm sure I'll find someone else to take me home."

Kay gasped. "Well, of all the nerve—"

Dr. Bill Abbott bowed from the waist. "I should be charmed, Miss Gilman," he responded.

Kay did not even wait until Bill had stepped over the hedge. "Judy Gilman, of all the outrageous things I ever saw!" She turned to her mother. "How could you sit there and let her rope poor Bill into taking her to the club, like that? Of all the gyps—"

"I didn't rope him into it," drawled Judy softly.

"You didn't!" her sister cried. "I'd like to know what you call it, then?"

Judy's young lips curved into a smile. "Why, Kay," she said, very sweetly, "*I* call it—simple, girlish allure!"

JUDY hummed happily as she dressed. The window shades were pulled down—Kay had darted into the room and indignantly pulled them—but Judy knew just how the street looked, outside, in the deepening twilight. The Gilmans lived on Elm Street, the cream of Harfield's residential section, and night always gave their block the appearance of a not very convincing stage set. The white houses, behind their white picket fences and green hedgerows, became two-dimensional, a flat back-drop hung behind the dirt sidewalk, where people sauntered up and down. Sometimes it seemed to Judy that she could almost see the painted curtain wrinkle in the breeze. Hollyhocks and lupines and delphiniums stood straight against the clapboards, like paper flowers.

Harfield, thought Judy, wriggling into her dress, was the nicest place in the world, and she was never going away again! No one knew how homesick she had been, in those four years at Miss King's. She wanted to live here, winter and summer, forever and ever, in a white house with gardens stretching out on either side. And she would never send any of her children away to school—never!

Kay came in, again. "Can you hook this darn dress, Judy?"

Kay was going to the club with Warner Marsden— "And I didn't have to ask him to take me, either!" A kindness of which Kay would never have believed Judy capable had restrained her from the true statement that Warner had asked *her*, first . . .

Judy looked at her sister in the mirror. Kay was pretty, with her dark eyes and hair like Mother's, but she was too darned serious. At least she was serious about the wrong things. Chemistry! thought Judy, scornfully. Why study chemistry, when you had eyes like that?

"You know, Judy, college really is fun," said Kay abruptly.

"Fun!" said Judy. "Kay, you slay me! I mean you really do!"

Kay flushed. "I don't know why I ever try to talk to you!" she said disdainfully. "You have the mentality of a mosquito!"

"But oh, the allure!" Judy called after her, laughing softly to herself.

KAY and her mother were seated on the veranda when Judy came downstairs. She stood, leaning against the door, looking out. June evening on the porch at home, with the elms swaying in the wind, and yellow lights in the windows of the houses! Gosh!

Warner Marsden's car stopped at the gate, and Kay went down the path to join him.

"Serve you right if Bill stood you up!" she told Judy over her shoulder.

"Darling sister!" said Judy tenderly. She continued to stand, thoroughly aware both of Warner Marsden and of the picture she made, in her long pink chiffon frock, with the hall light glowing over her brown hair, turning its outer edges to gold. "Mrs. Gilman," she said, "I don't believe your elder daughter likes me!"

"Here's Bill," her mother said, and Judy leaned her head back and looked at the doctor through her lashes.

"My knight!" she murmured.

Bill Abbott looked at her quizzically; then he reached out and picked up her left hand, examined it, and let it drop, shaking his head.

"Go get your coat and shut up," he said. "I want to get this over with."

He shook his head when she reappeared.

"You call that a coat?"

"Isn't it smooth?" Judy snuggled her cheek against the flaring taffeta collar of an absurd lilac-colored jacket, with enormous sleeves.

"I think it's terrible," said Bill.

She smiled ravishingly. "It's so sweet of you to take an interest in my clothes!" she explained. She kissed her mother. "Where's your buggy, Doctor?"

"It's outside my house." He smiled at Mrs. Gilman. "Well, I suppose there's no help for me now," he said. "Come on, brat!"

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Satan's Teardrops

Swifty Moran learns something of the perils lurking in pearls

By Howard McLellan

WOLFER'S private office accommodated only two persons at the same time. One of them was bound to be himself and the other either someone selling him something or buying something from him. It was built that way purposely. A third party couldn't possibly squeeze in. A third man might make it his business to be a witness and no witnesses were wanted.

The cubbyhole had no windows and only one dull green incandescent, so that when Swifty Moran coiled his wares on the table they looked cheap, which was the way Wolfer wanted them to look, since he was buying, not selling. He was a fat, oily trader. He opened negotiations with a casually voiced offer of ten thousand.

Swifty pushed his long-peaked cap 'way back on his head and stared at Wolfer. "That ain't no price," he said. "That's just cheap larceny."

Wolfer looked at the fat palms of his hands, trying to appear indifferent. "You didn't have a tough time getting them," he remarked.

This was an insult to Moran's artistry. Instead of naming thirty thousand as his price, as he had intended doing, he jumped it. "Fifty thou and not a nickel less," he said. "This stuff didn't come from no ordinary oysters. Why, they're insured for three hundred thou."

"But I'm taking all the chances," said Wolfer. "Every one of them has been measured, marked and registered." He lifted the glass stopper from a small crystal bottle and sniffed delicately of it. Wolfer's business subjected him to sudden shocks. He kept the smelling salts handy.

"There's probably a police circular out now on that stuff," he went on. "It's matched stuff. That's their biggest value. If I break 'em up and try to sell 'em separate I couldn't get beans for 'em." Already he had a customer ready to pay two hundred thousand dollars cash for the stuff. "I'll have to hold 'em just as they are for a year, maybe two, to get a decent price for them," he continued. "And it wouldn't be safe now to show 'em to a customer. They're white hot. Twelve thousand — how about—"

"You fences want the world for a nickel," cried Swifty.

With the white, flabby palm of his hand Wolfer flattened the heap like so much sawdust. "And this stuff's hoodooed," he said. "They come from a woman's white throat. They cry bad luck all over for anybody that handles them. They're Satan's teardrops." He offered fourteen thousand dollars with an air of finality.

The offer outraged Moran. He swept the stuff into his pocket and jumped up. "You talk like a nickel-in-the-slot machine," he said. "If they gotta be put in cold storage and held for a year or two I guess I got as much patience as you." He was at the door when Wolfer sang out: "Fifteen thousand dollars."

Swifty's response was a bolting exit and the slamming of the door. The cheap-skate in the little office had tried first to wheedle him out of the De Shawn rope of pink pearls, and when that didn't work he had tried to scare him out of them with the old gag that pearls snatched from a woman's throat were Satan's teardrops and dripped bad luck.

Because Swifty was known only as a blower of chain-store safes Wolfer apparently thought he was too crude to know good pearls when he saw them. As a matter of fact, he didn't know much about pearls until Wolfer gave him a few tips, such as the value of pearls when they were matched on a rope.

IT WAS less than three blocks to the old, crack-faced brownstone house in which Swifty had his room. He took his time getting there. When he was opening the front door the words "Twenty thousand" were sung at him. Turning quickly, he saw Wolfer with one foot on the lowest step.

"You still chirping your cheap stuff at me?" Swifty sang back. He opened the door.

"Twenty-four," Wolfer called out, coming up one step.

Swifty backed into the hallway.

"Twenty-five." Holding out both hands, Wolfer came up another step. The carrier of the pearls slammed the door on him.

Moran was certain now that the pearls were worth at least one hundred thousand dollars, for a fence's highest offer is usually a quarter of the value.

Wolfer walked toward the corner, kicking himself because he had let the pearls get away from him. Still he knew that Moran carried the pearls. Halting on the corner, he watched the brownstone. If Moran came out he'd make him another offer. Fifty thousand was what he was prepared to pay now. He had the customer ready and willing to lay down two hundred thousand dollars in spot cash.

Suddenly he withdrew into an entranceway. Two stalwarts were pounding along the other side of the street toward him. They were Sardo and Minifee, the team from the Headquarters' Safe and Loft Squad. They halted under an awning and, bending low, so as to see underneath the low-hanging scalloped edge of the awning, they fixed their eyes on the second or third floor of the brownstone. Moran's room was on the second floor.

Minifee raised the flask as if to shake that ain't booze," he yelled, frantically.

The fence was alarmed. If the dicks went into the house they'd find Moran and the pearls and that would put them out of his reach forever. He couldn't warn Swifty that cops were watching his house; he couldn't go into the house and make his offer. Not while the dicks had their eyes on it. They would pile into the house right after him.

Now the pair were in animated conversation. In a minute or so there would be action. Wolfer watched the detectives and the brownstone, awaiting developments.

IN HIS room in the rear Moran locked the door. From his coat pocket he drew out an object wrapped in cotton batting and with infinite tenderness stood it on the shelf of a shining white colonial mantelpiece. The cotton fell away, revealing a whisky flask filled to the cork with amber liquid. Moran sighed as he backed away. He was glad to have that flask out of his pocket.

Slowly he drew out the rope of pearls. He held them up to the light coming in the window. The golden glow of the afternoon sun struck them iridescent. They glowed in all their rich opalescence. He counted them. One hundred and ten, ranging from the smallest, about the size of a normal garden pea, to the largest, about the size of a boy's taw marble.

He drew the rope over his wrist and caught the matched effect, the streak of pink which widened and glowed more brilliantly as it trailed from the small pearls to the larger ones. That was what made them so valuable, thanks to the little sermon on pearls that Wolfer had delivered in his cheap attempt to bargain. To bring anything like their real value they had to be kept on the string. Well, if Wolfer could sink them in cold storage for a year or two, and clean up on them, and escape the risk of having them traced back to him, he could bury them in his own cold storage and eel them into the market later when the insurance company had reimbursed the De Shawn woman for her great loss; when the cops had let up on the hunt for the pearls and the thief.

It wasn't necessary for him to rush them into the first hiding place he saw. No one had seen him snatch the rope from Mrs. De Shawn's throat. Lurking in the dark entranceway of a fashion-

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it. Moran's face went white. "Hey, "You'll blow this dump into splinters!"

able speakeasy, where she had met her lover, Swifty had fired his ammonia gun at her from behind. This had only blinded and gagged her, temporarily, and made it impossible for her to see his face. Then he had pulled the snatch. He could be linked up to the job only by being caught with the pearls in his possession.

He surveyed the room quickly and dismissed from consideration all movable objects as hiding places. He gave only scant thought to the woodwork, the door and window casings and the baseboard. They were in poor condition, peeling and cracked, and no telling when the middle-aged landlady, who owned the house, might decide to freshen up the place, in which case she would go after the unsightly woodwork.

THE white colonial mantelpiece attracted his eye. Twice a week, sometimes oftener, the landlady oiled and polished the mantelpiece. If she was a pest about anything in the old house it was about the mantelpiece. When she polished it, and Swifty happened to be around, she gave him a long song and dance about how old it was; how the old-time masters who built it and set it up had used no nails, only dowels and dovetails. They didn't do work like that these days. And the room had been her grandfather's study. He used to hold her, as a child, on his knee before a crackling fire in the grate. The old mantelpiece was a part of her life. As long as she lived it would never be disturbed. She had refused pretty substantial offers for the house, but, old and ramshackle as it was, she couldn't bear to think of leaving the mantelpiece.

There was the place for the pearls.

He put the flask on a narrow shelf above the oblong, beveled mirror. Then he put his massive shoulder under the wide shelf. It didn't budge until he grunted and applied the full upthrust of his strength. He raised it an inch above its two side standards. Into the opening he inserted a little finger which told him the good news that there was a groove on the inner side of the handhewn post to which the white facing was attached. The groove felt about two inches wide and an inch deep but it ran down the side of the post for an indefinite length. He slipped the rope into the groove and slowly it disappeared. The end of the rope, which he held in his fingers, came to within an inch of the top. He let go, then looked into the opening to be sure he could reach the pearls when he wanted to. They were snug and perfectly concealed. He pressed the shelf back into place and thumped it. It was as solid as before. He stepped back and studied it from all angles. It looked as though it never had been disturbed. It was the last place anyone would think of looking for a cache.

As long as he cared to occupy it the room was his. He had lived in it five years. Presently he suffered a grave doubt. Would he be able to live in the same room with the pearls and not take them out and peddle them for a low price if he happened to be in urgent need of fresh paper money? A year or two would be a trying wait. Well, he could do small, odd jobs to keep himself in ready cash and in the meantime quietly hunt up a customer who would pay him the right price—nothing under one hundred thousand dollars.

HE FOUND himself grinning into the oblong, beveled mirror set into the mantelpiece. His fawn-colored cap made him look tough; his soup-bowl haircut made him look tougher and he still had a hungry-horse look on his face. But that was all right. He'd break out as a swell guy when he got rid of the pearls.

He thought of Wolfer coming all the way up from a lousy offer of ten thousand to twenty-five, and trailing him along the street like a starved hound following a butcher's wagon. If those pearls were Satan's teardrops and dripped bad luck, the oily fence was certainly anxious to catch them. He laughed heartily. The blast of breath rocked the flask on the upper shelf. He stifled the next laugh until he had moved the flask to the corner of the lower shelf where his breath couldn't touch it. It would be a nice wind-up if that flask happened to topple over.

He backed to the center of the room once more to study the mantelpiece. There was a gentle rap on his door, so soft that he thought it was Wolfer's blubbery knuckles. He stepped to the door and snapped back the spring lock, expecting that this noise would provoke another shouted offer from the eager fence. He'd open the door and blow the cheap-skate down with a big laugh. No such shout followed the click of the lock. He opened the door.

Two big bodies came at him. Detectives Sardo and Minifee pushed in.

Swifty sagged to the bed. Speechless, he stared at his visitors. Had they been following Wolfer on the general police principle that a crook like him would always bear watching? There was certainly no slip-up to his perfect snatch. Suddenly Sardo pounced on him and began jabbing his hands into his pockets and feeling him all over.

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The detective finally straightened up and glowered disgust and disappointment at Moran. For once, Sardo grumbled; Moran had no gat on him. Swifty eased his taut nerves with a sigh. It wasn't a frisk for pearls after all. It was a gat they wanted and he didn't have one. He was in the clear on the gat, and the pearls were safe.

THEN the red-faced Minifee, who had a purplish, grape-shaped tip to his nose, darted for the mantelpiece. Swifty sat up, alarmed. He saw the detective put out his hand for the corner of the mantelpiece shelf under which the pearls were hidden. But the extended hand made a greedy grab for the flask of amber liquid and Swifty made a flying leap for the door. Sardo's quick hand hauled him back to the bed. Now Minifee was holding the flask to the light. He raised it as if to shake it. Moran's face went white.

"Hey, that ain't booze," he yelled, frantically.

Minifee grinned back at him over his shoulder. "This stuff looks too good for the likes of you," he said. He raised the flask.

"You'll blow this dump into splinters," cried Swifty.

Lowering the flask, Minifee pulled the cork. He sniffed once, then again and glared at Sardo. "This is *soup!*" he exploded. Quickly, but with excessive tenderness, he corked the flask and gently restored it to its nest in the cotton batting.

Sardo eyed Swifty savagely. "Soup, huh?" he said. "What was the idea? Were you after the Federal Reserve vaults?" He reached into his left hip pocket. "Up and out of here," he said to Moran. Steel bracelets were in his hands. He snapped one ring around Swifty's wrist and the other around his own and led his man to the door. "Bring the flask along for evidence," he called back to Minifee.

"Say," cried Minifee. "I like life, too, and I got a wife and kids. Some baby from the Bureau of Explosives can come up and handle that pot of nitroglycerin."

THE handcuffs were really excess precaution. Moran wouldn't have tried a flit. He walked along between his captors, as jaunty as they were. They hadn't looked for pearls; hadn't asked about pearls and they hadn't mentioned Wolfer's name. He had sunk the prized rope into cold storage in the nick of time. A few minutes earlier and they would have nabbed him freezing the pearls. All they were looking for was a gat; out prowling for gents with police records and frisking them for cannons. The worst they could do to him was hang a charge of possessing burglars' tools on him and that wouldn't carry a stiff jolt.

Presently he caught a glimpse of the fat, pillow-shaped back of Wolfer a block ahead of them, getting all the speed he could out of his short legs. It was a cinch the dicks didn't know about Wolfer or they would have shot after him now. He was in the clear completely on the pearls and if he worked things right he wouldn't have to worry as to how he could keep himself from fishing out his swag and disposing of it at a low price to supply an urgent need for fresh paper money.

The instant Wolfer reached his cubicle office he plied himself with smelling salts. For fifty thousand he might have had that rope of pearls which, with a turn of the hand, would have netted him two hundred thousand dollars. Now the swag was gone; in the hands of the property clerk at Police Headquarters, where it would be claimed by Mrs. De Shawn as soon as the charge against

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More Fun and less Arnica

Edward K. Hall, chief of Football's law-makers, untangles the new rules

With a list of forty fatalities attributed to football last season, the Rules Committee decided something had to be done. Here's what they did. Mr. Hall, chairman of the committee, tells you why the changes were made and how they will affect the game. Get the hang of it now; no time out for reading after the whistle

By W. B. Courtney

These are the plays, from 1931 games, which the new rules are designed to correct. The driving tackle (1), "piling on" the ball-carrier (2), and the dangerous crawling (3 and 5) are prevented by declaring the ball dead when any part of carrier's body except hands or feet touches the ground

BACK in the early nineties, when a vast concourse of at least thirty-seven people turned out for the annual football classic between Yale and Harvard—and all of them either Princeton scouts, or dewy-eyed girl cousins of the team managers who came in on passes and were just dying to meet that nice blond left tackle—a man called upon the Harvard head coach one day. His name was Deland, he said, and he had an idea; which, aided by plenty of paper and pencils and the mysterious jargon of the gridiron, he proceeded to expound. Before the stranger had said fifty words, the head coach called in his assistants and bolted the doors. Before the explanation was half over, the window shades were drawn. And when the coaches tiptoed homeward in the shade of the Cambridge autumnal evening, they would not even speak to their wives and mothers—just for fear—

Presently the elms in New Haven began to whisper secret tidings brought by little birdies from the north. Harvard, behind locked gates, was preparing a surprise for Yale! Nobody, outside the official Harvard family, had the remotest idea what was in prospect. The newspapers got so feverish about the matter that some of them actually devoted as much as ten lines to a pre-game story. Dozens upon dozens of people turned out for the great day.

When time was called, the anxious Yale players found themselves confronted by a formation the ominous like of which had never been observed. In those days the ball was put into play by scrimmage, as you probably don't know. It was handed by the referee to the quarterback of the team which had won the toss. The quarter stood on his own fifty-yard line holding the ball, with his team grouped behind him according to the dictates of strategy and style. When he touched the ball to the ground, play was on. None of his mates could get ahead of him before that moment without being offside. After the quarter had thus put the ball in play, he could pass, run or kick, as he pleased.

On this momentous day the Harvard quarter, smiling in the old Cambridge manner, posed alone in midfield facing the outspread and puzzled Yale team. His mates had arranged themselves, far to his rear, on their own three-yard line, in a wedge-shaped formation, a V with the apex left open; each man had one hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him. At a signal from the quarter, this wedge began to run down the field toward him.

They got under way slowly, for all were big men, after the fashion of the day in football players; by the time they had covered the yardage to their quarter, however, they were in full gallop. Yale could do nothing but stand open-mouthed, because the ball had not yet been put into play. Just before the flying wedge reached him the Harvard quarter touched the ball to the ground. The next instant the apex of the V closed in front of him and he was grabbed up by a couple of giants and sucked along inside the wedge. Yale was caught flat-footed by this juggernaut of locked arms and lowered heads and driving legs—a ton of brawn, muscle and bone racing at less than fifteen seconds to the hundred yards—almost one fourth the speed of an express train.

The Revolt of Public Opinion

And that, boys and girls, was the famous Deland Flying Wedge of old-time football. Some rubbery hero learned, after alternate periods of experimentation and hospitalization, that the only way to stop the flying wedge was for three of the least delicate of the opposing team to hurl themselves deliberately under the head of the V—which was a good deal like sitting in the middle of the track when the Overland Limited Mail was due. The eventual revolt of a public opinion, which placed sport above mayhem, against the flying wedge and other of the so-called "mass-momentum" plays brought on the development of the modern open game of football.

Last autumn, and to a slighter extent the season before, the ghost of the old flying wedge came out of its cupboard to dance and gibber across the football fields of the country. With secret apprehension veterans among the coaches and officials and fans watched it and hoped it would do no damage before it was pushed back into its limbo. Even if there had not been a serious accident from any cause whatsoever in football last season, this one ghost which was trying to crowd back into the game probably would not have survived the annual meeting of the Rules Committee.

The flying wedge was not responsible for a single accident in 1931, so far as is publicly known. But football men knew that accidents were certain to come because of it. The surest indication of how the coaches felt about the flying wedge was the admission by some of those who had begun to experiment with it that, although they had used it in actual competition and in dummy drills, they would not use it on their own squads in practice.

The important thing, however, wasn't the new use of the flying wedge—it was not the old Deland flying wedge, of course; merely an adaptation of it—but the tendency it represented toward the return of the mass-momentum plays to football, bringing in their wake certain elements of unnecessary hazard. Modern rules had killed mass play and opened up the game. Now it was closing again, accentuated by the very thing the rules had been framed to encourage—speed.

A Year of Many Fatalities

As last season waned, certain millions of fans were looking with grave concern for an answer to the question whether football could be made safer. They were the parents of the more than a million boys who, it is estimated, play the game; half of them on organized school or college teams. Other millions—football has the largest following of any American sport—were far more interested in that question than they were in the annual heated debate whether Southern California or Lake Forest had the best team in the country. For the game they loved was ending one of the worst seasons in its history. Serious accidents had dulled the year's thrills, and the selection of the All-America had the somber competition of an al-

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leged casualty list of more than forty fatalities.

At first even those closest to the game were unable to account for the increase in serious accidents. As the season wore on, however, and the widespread interest in the accidents led to more and more publicity and knowledge concerning them, it became apparent not only to the experts, but to non-professional observers, that the circumstances of the major accidents could be tagged under a certain few headings. Every follower of the game bore a sharp recollection of the misfortune in the Yale Bowl at New Haven on last October 22d—outstanding not alone for its unusual poignancy but for its usefulness in pointing out one of the new hazards that were coming into the game.

Yale, playing Army, made a touchdown when one of its fast backs ran back a kick-off around Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Army's right end. Later Army kicked again. Lassiter, of Yale, received the ball and, well masked by his interference, raced down the same alley. Young Sheridan set his lips and charged into the play—with his own ideas as to whether Yale could take the same liberty twice in succession. Sheridan was tall and thin, for a major team—148 pounds. But in two years on the varsity he had offset his meager poundage by dash and pluck. Lassiter and his path-clearers moved with great speed; Sheridan headed toward them with even greater velocity.

Cadet Sheridan's Last Game

The multitude which jammed the great Bowl, fetched standing up by the sweep of the play, saw the cadet snake through the interference cleverly and dash headlong at Lassiter. While still yards away, Sheridan left his feet and dived at his man—in a perfect flying tackle. In the opinion of those best qualified to testify, Sheridan's chin just grazed the upcoming thigh of Lassiter's charging stride. At any rate, young Cadet Sheridan had played his last game.

Just two weeks earlier Connie Murphy, of Fordham, twenty-two years old and 185 pounds in weight, had broken through the Bucknell line at the Polo Grounds in New York, dived from his feet in a flying block at Hinkle, the opposing fullback, who was punting—and the final whistle blew for Murphy.

These lamentable accidents happened within the area of greatest publicity concentration, under the eyes of the metropolitan press. In each there were conditions of deep human interest, which made front-page copy for days. Taken together, they formed a nucleus for the thunderhead of the storm which was blowing up against football. And they were the outstanding counts against these thrilling and spectacular, though evidently most hazardous, features of the open game—the diving block and the diving tackle. Other serious accidents indicated a third fruitful source of trouble—the pile-up. Talk to anyone who has played football and you will ordinarily find that he feared this one feature more than any other.

When interest in Cadet Sheridan was keenest last October, virtually all of the newspapers recalled the afternoon twenty years ago when Army had suffered a similar blow. Harvard was playing at West Point. The big Crimson team was on the offensive. Byrnes, one of Army's famous specializing tackles, exhausted by mass play after mass play hammered through him, stayed in for one scrimmage too many.

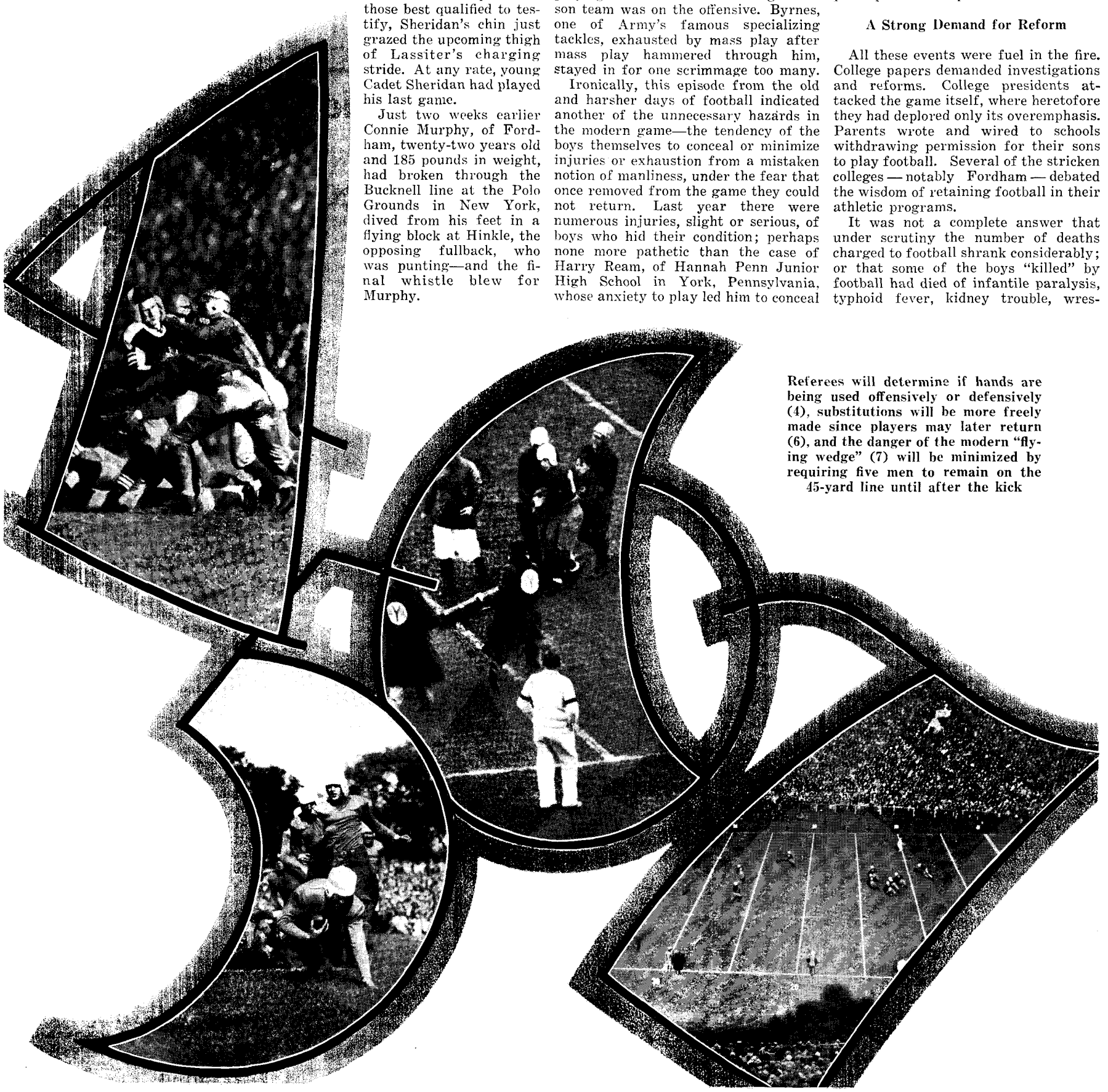
Ironically, this episode from the old and harsher days of football indicated another of the unnecessary hazards in the modern game—the tendency of the boys themselves to conceal or minimize injuries or exhaustion from a mistaken notion of manliness, under the fear that once removed from the game they could not return. Last year there were numerous injuries, slight or serious, of boys who hid their condition; perhaps none more pathetic than the case of Harry Ream, of Hannah Penn Junior High School in York, Pennsylvania, whose anxiety to play led him to conceal the fact that he was suffering from appendicitis. His appendix was ruptured and he died of peritonitis.

If you are getting a football team together you look over the boys and pick out for center the one who looks as though he'd be the last to blow away in a heavy wind. Even the new-fashioned roving center must possess the old-fashioned fundamental qualities of bulk and immovability. All in all, a center on a major football team is not what you would call a tender fellow. Close followers of the game last year, therefore, read in the reports of frequent injuries to centers an indication of a fourth major source of injuries—illegal use of hands. A few scattered coaches, who evidently confused football with pugilism, had been instructing their players to "work on the other fellow's head." It was only human nature for boys thus victimized to retaliate in kind; and here was a base for bad feeling and poor sportsmanship.

A Strong Demand for Reform

All these events were fuel in the fire. College papers demanded investigations and reforms. College presidents attacked the game itself, where heretofore they had deplored only its overemphasis. Parents wrote and wired to schools withdrawing permission for their sons to play football. Several of the stricken colleges — notably Fordham — debated the wisdom of retaining football in their athletic programs.

It was not a complete answer that under scrutiny the number of deaths charged to football shrank considerably; or that some of the boys "killed" by football had died of infantile paralysis, typhoid fever, kidney trouble, wres-



Referees will determine if hands are being used offensively or defensively (4), substitutions will be more freely made since players may later return (6), and the danger of the modern "flying wedge" (7) will be minimized by requiring five men to remain on the 45-yard line until after the kick

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tling; that one had died while running in his own back yard with a football in his arms, and that another had run under a truck while chasing a sandlot football. There had been too many deaths for which football, the game, was fairly responsible. All real friends of the game were gravely disturbed; and the football coaches at the annual meeting of their association in New York, immediately after the close of the season, voted unanimously to uphold any action that "may be taken by the Rules Committee designed to remove unnecessary hazards from the game."

When the Football Rules Committee of the American Intercollegiate Athletic Association sat down to its work in Hanover, New Hampshire, late in the winter, it was prepared for a momentous session. Stagg, Bingham, Crowell, Stegeman, Bible, Morrison, Smith, Hunter, Langford and Hall—able football men, represented all sections of the country. An invited list to the meeting gave the aspect of a conference: M. A. Stevens, Yale's head coach and president of the Coaches' Association, was present with three of his colleagues, Howard Jones, Lou Little and W. A. Alexander. The football officials were represented by W. R. Okeson, A. W. Palmer, F. A. Lambert and E. V. Thorpe. Fielding "Hurry Up" Yost, famous University of Michigan coach, was also present, with the tabulated results of his exhaustive investigation of the increase in injuries and the source.

The Chairman Explains

Seven new rules were announced when the meeting ended—the most drastic overhauling the game has had since 1906. The new rules have been thoroughly publicized, and even tested in spring training. But millions of football fans remain curious or anxious about certain abstract things. Has football been made safer? Has the game been spoiled for the spectators? Will it seem very strange and different to you this autumn from your seat in Row ZZZ, behind the goal posts? Will you still get your money's worth of thrills, no matter how terrible your seats are? What is the purpose of the changes—the most important in twenty years—and how are they expected to accomplish that purpose?

Seeking answers to these questions, and the most expert interpretation of the changes, I went to Hanover, New Hampshire, recently to ask Chairman Hall to tell us what we shall see when we elbow into our favorite stadium.

Edward K. Hall has been a member of the Rules Committee since 1906; and chairman of it for the past eighteen years. He has taken a prominent part in the gradual remodeling of the old push-and-pull game into the open game of today. He was a three-letter man in his student days at Dartmouth; and he went to Illinois to coach football about the time Alonzo Stagg went to Chicago. When he had saved enough money to put himself through Harvard Law School young Hall quit his coaching job; but he could not quit the game itself, so he became an official. He has served Dartmouth, too, in various honorary capacities; and since his retirement from business a short time ago he has made his home in Hanover, in the shadow of the college bell tower, in fulfillment of a boyhood dream.

"I believe," Mr. Hall told me, "that you will see a faster game and better football this coming season, and it certainly should be much freer from accidental injuries. One change that you will not notice at all is the change in protective equipment. It had come to be the practice to design protective equipment solely with the idea of protecting the wearer, with little, if any, regard to the fact that it might be dangerous to the opponents. The rules for 1932 will prohibit the use of any hard or unyielding substance in knee or elbow pads and all thigh guards or braces shall be suitably padded on the outside.

"When the teams line up for the opening kick-off you will see a somewhat new formation. At least five of the receiving side will remain on their own 45-yard line until after the ball has been kicked. The kicking side may put the ball in play either by the customary place kick or by a drop kick. The purpose of this rule is to check the practice which had been developing rapidly of massing virtually the whole receiving team around the receiver of the kick-off. Breaking through interference is one of the ordinary hazards necessarily inherent in football, but this hazard increases in proportion as the interference becomes massed and as it develops speed.

"Holding five men of the receiving side on their 45-yard line until the kick, cuts down by fifty per cent the number of men who can readily form interference and get under speed before the kicking side has an opportunity to get down the field. Supplementing this provision is the option of the kicking side to put the ball into play by a drop kick, which enables them to get the ball into the air higher than they can by a place kick, thus giving the kicking side more opportunity to get down the field before the interference can form and get under way.

"College football has always been and always will be, I hope, a rough-and-tumble game. Always it has been the task of the rule makers to keep the rough-and-tumble feature of the game within reasonable bounds. And always they have been called upon to make rules limiting what a player in the heat and excitement of a contest might do to his opponent. This year, for the first time, the committee was called upon to protect the player from a relatively new and entirely unnecessary hazard to himself. This has been done by providing that a tackler or blocker must not leave the ground with both feet prior to the instant of contact with his opponent. The penalty will be the loss of five yards. This is not a severe penalty and the play itself is not a foul or an unfair play. As a matter of fact, it is sometimes good football, though it was absurdly overdone on some teams last season.

"In case it is not entirely clear just how these diving plays expose the player making them to an unnecessary hazard, you need only to visualize what takes place, for instance, in a flying tackle. A player under speed leaves his feet and throws himself headlong at an opponent. After he leaves his feet he is at the mercy of whatever may happen. He has shot his bolt. If the ball-carrier sidesteps or shifts his speed, the tackler is powerless to readjust his program and must grab the runner where he can or perhaps miss him altogether. His greatest danger is that of colliding with the runner's knee, which is coming up like a piston. With his own feet off the ground he has no leverage and no way to change his direction or dodge the blow. Two players were fatally injured last season in these diving plays when they completely missed their mark and never even touched the other player."

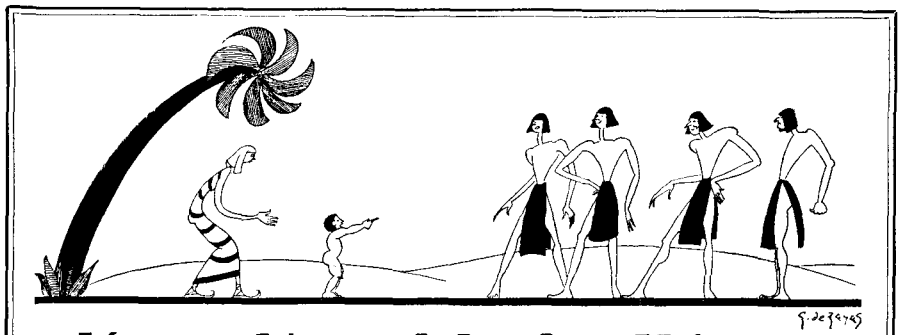
"Why do you expect the new dead-ball rule to be more effective than the old?" I asked Mr. Hall.

"Fighting for Distance"

"Piling up on a prostrate or struggling ball-carrier," he answered, "has always been recognized as a source of danger, and for more than twenty-five years has been definitely prohibited. A ball-carrier, however, instinctively endeavors to keep going until he is stopped and the only way for the opponents to stop him is to drop on him. Therefore, there has been another rule prohibiting the ball-carrier from 'crawling,' for as long as a ball-carrier is 'fighting for distance' it would be trying to make laws against human nature to prohibit opponents from trying to stop him. 'Crawling' was defined as undertaking to advance the ball when any part of the ball-carrier's body, except his hands and feet, touches the ground while still in the grasp of an opponent.

"After much discussion the committee came to the conclusion that a real answer to the problem would only be found in some absolutely automatic way of making the ball dead before the danger period began. The simplest and the only clear way seemed to be to eliminate from the crawling rule the words 'when in the grasp of an opponent.' This means that when the ball-carrier touches the ground with any part of the body except hands or feet, the ball is dead and the play stops.

(Continued on page 49)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Libya, long before the Christian era, the marriageless Ausis tribe had an unusual method of caring for its children. Mothers raised their babies until able to walk and then took them to the periodical "paternity parties" held in the public squares, where they were encircled by the men and permitted to select "fathers" who then adopted them.

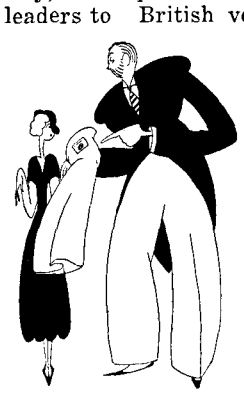
The maharana of Udaipur, the Indian potentate who claims to have traced back his ancestry for 9,488 generations, is famous today for frequently presenting, in a large arena on his estate, one of the most thrilling sports of the Orient—the elephant wrestling match.

At the fashionable Royal Ascot race held in England each year, a temporary court of justice is established to punish those committing offenses during the day. It originated more than 100 years ago after a pickpocket had relieved King George IV of his watch and chain.

More than half of the people in the prisons of England today are not real criminals but only poor and friendless men and women who have committed minor offenses and are unable to pay the small fines imposed upon them.

Between 500 and 1200 A. D. in Europe, the custom of bringing back religious relics from the millions of pilgrimages which took place during that period resulted in an extensive relic-manufacturing industry, despite the efforts of church leaders to discourage this practice.

Of the innumerable ways in which the famous dressmaking establishments of Paris have tried to foil forgers of fashions during the past 400 years, one of the most effective is a present-day label which not only carries the couturier's signature but also his fingerprint.



Dagger and sword duels between women and even between women and men occurred frequently in the 17th and 18th centuries in France, Italy and Spain. One French actress, who dueled at the slightest provocation, challenged and killed three men in one evening.—*By Louis Asnis, New York City.*

For every $1,000 worth of paper currency issued by Uncle Sam, $5 of it is never returned for redemption, having been destroyed by fire or wreck or forgotten in some secret place.—*By Mrs. George Sturman, Pocatello, Idaho.*

Out of every 100 Americans, 37 have blue eyes, 26 gray eyes, 18 hazel eyes, 17 brown eyes and 2 cannot be classified.—*By C. E. Biel, Denver, Colorado.*

Some hibernating animals pass into such a profound sleep that their breathing and rigidity are suggestive of death, and considerable time is required to arouse them. For example, the dormouse cannot be awakened in less than 20 minutes.

In India religious fanatics sometimes work themselves into such a physical and mental state through rigid abstinence and self-torture that they develop fits which result in unconsciousness and a temporary suspension of respiration.

For the past 97 years the Seamen's Registry in London has kept a complete record of every sailor on every British vessel, including a full description of his tattooing.

The Bhamptas of India, a tribe of hereditary thieves, comprise today the largest and best-organized gang of train robbers in the world.

Five dollars will be paid for contributions used in this column. They must be accompanied by source of information and permission to use sender's name. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"I like you so much, my dear, that I couldn't make you unhappy," Barry told her. There was a pause

The Story Thus Far:

DESPERATE, because of poverty, Norah Oliver advertises for a husband. Within a few days she finds herself confronted with a remarkable situation: She is married to an explorer—Barry Dunsmuir—who, immediately following the ceremony (a secret one), has sailed for the South Polar regions. With her widowed mother and her sister Eve (who think she has become Dunsmuir's secretary-housekeeper), she is ensconced at "Foxaway," a charming old farm in New Jersey belonging to her husband.

An even stranger situation develops. News comes that Dunsmuir's ship has foundered—that he has *probably* been lost at sea! Whereupon, a claimant to his estate steps forward: Hazel Dunsmuir, his cousin, who announces that Barry had willed her Foxaway. Norah—who is by no means certain of her husband's death—says nothing. She merely awaits developments.

They come quickly. David Howard, the one boy for whom Norah has ever cared, calls on her. He knows nothing, of course, of the marriage; nor can Norah summon up the courage to tell him. And presently, feeling certain that she actually *is* a widow, she consents to marry him. Then—Barry Dunsmuir shows up!

What to do? Assuming that Norah cares little for the 35-year-old man she has married, the family urges her to have the union annulled. But strange things have been going on in the girl's heart of late. She has read many of her husband's letters—pathetic letters, written when he was a boy. She has pored over some of his diaries—diaries that reveal his true character as nothing else could.

"Barry," she says, "is willing to accept my decision. Very well. I intend to stay here—with him."

Conclusion

SHE had not reached the little turn into the lane by the stile before she knew that Barry was following her. Norah looked at him over her shoulder, waited, and they walked along together up the path and to the spring pool.

The hot afternoon had reached a moment of arrestment; all the glow and beauty and perfume of the world stood still, in a shaft of westering light. No leaf stirred; no bird called; the streamers of the descending sun had fixed every flower, every spray of fruit blossoms and spear of grass in a pellucid, clear glow; they were transfixed in a bath of air as clear as pond water or as crystal.

Only the waters of the brook came swiftly tumbling down over stones to the pool by the spring, and flung eternally into the warm air a fine, cooling mist that rose in vapor from the foaming little waterfall. Norah and Barry sat down on the great birch log that was half embedded in the pool, and Norah took off her straw hat and fanned her glowing face.

"May first!" she said, opening a casual conversation.

"It gets terribly hot here at Foxaway, doesn't it?"

"Never any hotter than this. At least, you never feel it as you do these first hot days. Oh, in August," Norah conceded, "when we take our lunch and go up to the lake early, then it's hot when we come back, the house gets hot. But we never minded it! We used to swim in the evenings last summer, sometimes. Or we'd have supper here by the spring pool."

"What fun you've had out of the old place!"

"I believe some women are country women, and some naturally thrive in the cities," Norah observed, smiling. "The night we got here—and since Eve wrote you about it, I may as well admit it was rather awful!—but even that night I had a feeling—a *feeling* that I'd never had before. It was getting home."

"MOTHER like it?" Barry asked, watching the light in her eyes, studying the smooth firm lines of the brown face and the movements of her red mouth.

"Mother and Eve were—ghastly."

"Hated it?"

"Oh, Barry, Huldah was deathly sick, it was bitter cold outside, with snow, there was no fire in the kitchen, no food, everything smelled of rats and rotting wood and cold ashes; could you blame Mother and Eve?"

He laughed.

"But you liked it?"

"Liked it!" she echoed, in a tone of infinite content.

Far under all the flurry and confusion of her thoughts Norah was content. Quite suddenly and simply she had seen her path clear, had known not only what she must do, but that it was what she wanted to do. This was her world; this thin, wistful, contrary man was hers. She asked nothing more.

"I've been—kind of—saving up nerves and meanness and everything else just until I got back here, I guess," Barry presently said, in a silence. His tone was diffident, apologetic. He ended with a mirthless, brief laugh.

Norah had apparently not heard him.

"If we'd thought of it, we could have had supper up here tonight," she said dreamily.

The man spoke simply, seriously.

"I used to wish they'd do that, when I was little."

"Have supper up here by the pool?"

"Yes, but they never did."

"Who were the grown-ups here, then, Barry?"

"My uncle, Doctor Dunsmuir—and, until I was ten, my mother."

Norah was silent. Barry wiped his wet forehead.

"It's beginning to break," the girl said of the languorous, lingering day. "It'll be marvelous in a few minutes, and tonight there's a full moon."

Barry spoke abruptly.

"LISTEN!" he said. "Of course, I have no idea of keeping you to that marriage, you know that! You know I was just—amusing myself—"

Norah looked at him thoughtfully, looked away.

"Fred Sassoon!" he burst out wretchedly. "He was the only person I ever cared about, except my mother. He was the biggest of them all; they'll never know it! He used to consult me, Norah—Fred Sassoon consulting a wretched, blinking, ignorant fool like me! He'd come into the Commons,—that was where four of us bunked on the Ladysmith—and he'd get a pencil and charts—

"He was so happy! He'd always wanted to do just that; cruise around down there, get down as far as Ross

(Continued on page 47)

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Old Average Lightning

Satan makes a miracle, with the help of a man and a mule

By Roark Bradford

Illustrated by Harry Barnes

LIGHTNING, according to the estimates of the Negroes on Little Bee Bend plantation, was "just natchally old av'age mule." This doubtless meant "over average," because Lightning excelled in every way every other mule in the lot. He excelled every mule in any lot, for that matter. He weighed nearly sixteen hundred pounds, walked faster and more willingly than any four-legged beast ever hooked up with him, and he throve on hard work and hot sunshine.

Lightning had been on Little Bee Bend two years and was just in his prime the summer it rained so much. He had come, with nine other big mules, from a bankrupt oil-field teaming outfit, and was supposed to be matched up with a big gray mule named Queen. But Lightning outweighed Queen by two hundred pounds and, though Queen stepped with him when the going was easy, a heavy pull always was disastrous to her. Listing with a turning plow where the walking was fairly good and the pulling was light, Queen held her end of the doubletree well up, but when they were hitched to a fourteen-inch middle splitter in Johnson grass roots, Queen began to lose weight, and by the time spring plowing was done, she was limping in her forelegs.

That summer, when the cotton crop was being made and each mule was given a man and a double shovel, Lightning wore out three good share-croppers, stepping down the middles.

The next spring when the bossman sold off his older mules and bought young ones he combed the barns in Shreveport for the biggest, fastest mule in the markets to step with Lightning. Mag was the result; but before planting was started she had lost weight and stiffened in her forelegs. Mag and Queen then made an ideal double team, with old Lightning still the best mule in the lot.

Then three more honest share-croppers decided "public works" in the sawmills and levee camps was preferable to following a double shovel behind Lightning.

During Lightning's third year, a Negro named Newman Dyke came to Little Bee Bend. He was a "sugar" man, from the cane fields of the Atchafalaya basin. Newman was not impressive-looking at first sight. He was tall—much taller than you thought when you first saw him—and though he did not look large, when you got close to him he seemed to grow about the arms and shoulders. Perhaps it was the boyish expression on his face that fooled you, or perhaps it was his rather high-pitched voice that made you picture him as undersized instead of the giant that he was. He actually was six feet four inches tall, and when he caught his hand in the cotton-scale hook and swung his feet clear, the scales registered two hundred and ten.

JUST before spring plowing started, Newman came to the lot and looked over the mules. "What mule," he asked Uncle Henry, the lotman, "matches up wid dat lonesome-lookin' old jackass all by hisse'f over yonder in de cornder?"

"Ah, Lawd," replied Uncle Henry, shaking his head. "De bossman buyin' some new mules outn Shrevepo't today. Maybe dat lonesome sapsucker got a mate in dat bunch. Leastways hit ain't no mate for him in dis lot."

"I figgered he was de kind er mule dey sent to town to git a mate for," stated Newman. "He ain't nobody's regular plow mule, is he?"

"He *been*," replied Uncle Henry. "He *been* Johnnie T.'s regular plow mule, but Johnnie T. quit plowin' and went to public workin'. Den he was Sammy's regular mule, and Sammy is sawmillin' down at Couchatta now. And hit was a boy named Jim Haley which plowed him a lick er two, but Jim quit farmin' and tuck up wid a levee camp. And den hit was a boy name—"

"Yeah," broke in Newman, "I kind er figgered he was dat kind er mule. Name er Lightnin', hunh?"

"Dat's his name," confirmed the lotman.

"I hyared tell er him before," said Newman. "Some nigger down in de sugar fields worked with a nigger dat tried to wawk behind him, one time—"

"Yeah," agreed Uncle Henry proudly. "Lightnin' got a name far and wide."

While they were talking, three motor trucks drove up and nine big mules were deposited in the lot. They were all young and slick; eight of them were "prime" and averaged nearly thirteen hundred pounds in weight. The ninth was a baby elephant in comparison. She was black with sprinkles of gray on her flanks, heavy-set, short-legged, and alert. Obviously she was to be Lightning's mate.

WORD spread about the countryside and in half an hour the Negroes from Red Chute, Duke's Bend, Big Bee, Merritt's and Con Grey's were grouped about the Little Bee Bend lot to see the mule that was to match Lightning.

"Dat baby," Giles, the foreman, explained, "cost de bossman a solid four hund'ed dollars."

"Dat's a heap er money," suggested Uncle Henry.

"And a heap er mule, too," declared Giles.

"Look good in de lot," admitted Newman. "But I wonder how she gonter look on de yuther end er a doubletree?"

Everybody looked at Newman in surprise. It never occurred to them to question for one minute the bossman's decision about a mule, and if it had, the physical presence of such a mule as the bossman had sent out was more than enough to quiet their misgivings.

"You de man kin find out," Giles stated abruptly. "You ketch her and Lightnin', come sunup tomorrow, and hook 'em to dat fo'teen-inch middle buster."

Newman rubbed his hands together as though he were impatient to begin work. "I hyared tell er old Lightnin' down at Melville," he said, "but I ain't never hyared tell er dis mule."

"Den," said Giles, "you do de tawkin' about her. You hook her up in de

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"You needin' a little rain, too, ain't you, son?" asked Widow Duck. "Lawd, woman," Newman said, "I fergits what rain looks like! Sho' I needs it"

mawnin', and come dinner-time, you kin tell about her."

Conversation buzzed a few minutes about the big mule and finally B'r Charlie, the one-legged blacksmith, who was also the preacher, wanted to know what Newman was going to name her.

"A mule big as dat," seconded Uncle Henry, "ought to have a name quick as she hits de ground."

"Whyn't you name her Fork, Newman?" suggested Giles. "A team named Fork 'n' Lightnin' 'd be a team outn de world!"

"Wait to I hits a low place wid Johnson grass roots," Newman decided. "I want to see her squat down and pull before I names her."

"She'll squat and pull, all right," Giles declared. "Or else me and de bossman bofe don't know mules."

THE big mule never got named on Little Bee Bend. At daylight she stepped off beautifully with Lightning. When the sun came out hot it was apparent that her wind was damaged. Before nine o'clock she was heaving like a bellows. By ten she was completely "burned out."

"Gimme de littlest mule in de lot," Newman told Giles. "Dis middle buster is mighty nigh a load for me and old Lightnin' widout draggin' dis big mule up and down de row, too."

"Take her out," Giles commanded, "and take her back to town. De bossman bought a mule, and she sho' ain't. Take her back to town, son."

Newman hesitated. "How come," he suggested, "I can't take de Mag-and-Queen team, and let de boy plowin' dem take dis plug back to town? I kin plow Mag and Lightnin' to dinner-time, and den Queen and Lightnin' to supper. I ain't got in hardly no plowin', and you know I got to plow a little ev'y now and den, or else I can't git tired enough to go to sleep at night."

Everybody heard the details that evening.

"Old Lightnin'," Uncle Henry mused, "sont another mule back to town."

"Yeah," said Giles, "nothin' in de Red River bottoms kin tetch him. "De bossman sont plum to Fo't Worth for dat big mule, yistidy, to match him. But she gone back to town."

"Yeah," agreed Uncle Henry, "old Lightnin' done her dat. He do's 'em all like dat, all de time. Shrevepo't, Fo't Worth, St. Louis, hit's all one and de same to old Lightnin'. All a mule got to do is come hyar f'm somewhere and git hooked up to de yuther end of a doubletree, and old Lightnin' 'll send 'em back whar dey come f'm."

"And I don't keer if dey comes plum f'm It'ly," added Giles; "he'll send 'em back."

"Or," went on Uncle Henry, going the absolute limit of distance, "I don't keer efn dey comes plum f'm whar de Southern crosses de Dog. Ol' Lightnin' gonter send 'em back jest as sho' as dey gits on de yuther end wid him. Man *or* mule!"

"Man *or* mule," agreed the foreman. "He done sont about six good men to de public works."

"*Good* men," recollected Uncle Henry, "but dey stepped too slow for Lightnin'."

Giles nodded.

"Dat Newman look like a good man," suggested Uncle Henry.

"He axed for Lightnin'," said Giles.

"Ev'y new nigger come hyar axes for Lightnin'," Uncle Henry recalled, "but befo' summer gits over dey begs for old Shotgun so's dey kin keep up."

"Old Lightnin'," Giles echoed, "do's 'em *all* like dat. Man *or* mule."

BY WORKING Mag in the mornings and Queen in the afternoons, Lightning and Newman managed to stay busy until the spring breaking was completed, although both Mag and Queen lost weight and Newman had to walk the road half the night to get tired enough to go to sleep. Eventually the ground was plowed and planted, and actual work of the crop was started.

A man, a mule and a double-shovel plow worked three days steadily. The land plowed in those three days constituted the share-cropper's field for the year. The average crop was fifteen acres per man, but Newman and Lightning plowed thirty acres.

"Got to have some room," he explained, "so's me and Lightnin' kin stretch we's legs."

From that time on, little was heard of Newman and Lightning. Everyone was too busy fighting Johnson grass out of the cotton to pay much attention. A man plowed and his womenfolks hoed five and a half days a week. Saturday afternoon they drew rations, worked their vegetable gardens and did odd jobs about the house. On Sunday everybody went to church and prayed for the Lord to send rain or not to send it, according to the needs of the field. Then at daylight Monday, everybody went back to the fields.

Newman managed to keep his cotton chopped out, although as far as anyone knew, he had no womenfolks of his own. No one woman could possibly have kept his crop chopped, but usually there were three or four women in his field, chopping his cotton. Sometimes they were Little Bee Bend women, "favorin' him outn de grass." Sometimes they were women from adjoining plantations; occasionally they were utterly strange women.

Where they came from or why they were in Newman's field, no one knew, but always there were women chopping his cotton. One, two, half a dozen, depending upon the need, swung eyehoes daily in his thirty acres.

THERE was some talk—not much, but a little—around the commissary on Saturday afternoons. Mostly, however, everyone was too concerned with his own crop to worry. Somebody said Newman "walked the road" half the night to get tired enough to go to sleep. Someone else suggested that his nightly excursions might have something to do with all the women who chopped his cotton. When it came right down to it, practically every woman on Little Bee Bend had at one time or another chopped cotton in Newman's field, and unless a man knew definitely that there was some connection between Newman's nocturnal rambles and the women who chopped his cotton the next day, it was not seemly to go on with a lot of loose talk about it.

As the cotton grew taller and began to put out limbs, the fight against the grass became less intense. Continuous plowing was still necessary but the womenfolks eased up on the chopping. There was time for fishing for gar and buffalo in the bayou, and considerably more time for talk.

Naturally, talk centered around

(Continued on page 39)

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Totty saw—a woman. A woman without speech, terrified to the verge of madness

The Frightened Lady

By Edgar Wallace

The Story Thus Far:

WHO killed Studd, Lady Lebanon's chauffeur? Determined to answer the question, Chief Inspector Tanner, brilliant Scotland Yard operative, hurries to the village of Mark's Thornton. There, with two aides—Sergeants Totty and Ferraby—he begins operations. . . . At Mark's Priory, the Lebanon ancestral estate, he interviews Lady Lebanon, her eccentric son, Willie, her secretary, Isla Crane, and various servants, including Kelver, the butler, and two American footmen, Brooks and Gilder. All profess to know nothing of the crime. But all are obviously ill at ease, terrified—especially Isla Crane. . . .

Pursuing his investigations, Tanner concentrates on two suspects: Tilling, a gamekeeper, with whose wife Studd had been having an affair; and Dr. Amersham, a mysterious person who, visiting Lady Lebanon often, seems to exercise a malevolent influence over her ladyship. . . . Amersham's flat is searched. In it is found a long red scarf—and Studd was strangled to death *with its replica!*

But the mystery is not solved. For before Amersham can be arrested he too is murdered—strangled and the mystery deepens. . . .

Dramatic events follow at the Priory. When unobserved, Lady Lebanon thrusts a small red bundle—a red scarf—into a stove, where Totty and Ferraby find a portion of it, unburned. Whereupon Tanner resolves to search the house for more evidence. One room especially interests him. It is locked—and no one will give him the key. While preparing to secure a search warrant and make forcible entrance, *startling news reaches him:* Tilling, the gamekeeper, has fled!

Leaving the Priory, the inspector hurries to Tilling's home, where Mrs. Tilling (obviously terrified) gives him facts which make it seem certain Tilling is the strangler. But what, Tanner wonders, is the meaning of the burned scarf? He interviews Lady Lebanon, who admits (under pressure) that three months after her husband's death she had married Amersham. "I loathed him," she says. "He blackmailed me into it." She will, however, admit nothing further, and Tanner prepares to leave. But Isla Crane stops him. "For God's sake, don't go!" the girl implores him. Tanner scans the pale face before him. "All right," he replies. "I'll stay tonight."

VIII

A POLICE motorcyclist, smothered with mud, delivered a flat package to Bill Tanner before dinner. Apparently all over the kingdom trains started at 6:30 in the morning and arrived somewhere at 8:03. He went through them carefully and marked the first, with the absolute assurance that he was right. It was a train that left Horsham for London Bridge, and Horsham was within a bicycle ride.

The trains that left at 10 and arrived at 10:05 the following morning or the same day were few, and none of them was a Continental train. There was one that left London at 10 in the morning and arrived at Aberdeen at 10:05. He consulted a work of reference. Lady Lebanon had a small shooting lodge ten miles out of Aberdeen, and that was undoubtedly Tilling's objective.

He telephoned instructions which were to be transmitted to the Aberdeen police; he was too late, but he was not aware of this fact. A telegram had been delivered at an intermediate Scottish station, which had resulted in a lumbering and rather perturbed gamekeeper leaving the train and doubling back via Edinburgh to Stirling.

There was other information. Only one person had bought a pipe of the brand he had described. A tobacconist near King's Cross station had hardly opened his shop before a man, easily recognizable from the description as Tilling, had come in and made a purchase.

Totty had spent a completely satisfactory evening in the servants' hall, where he was regarded with the right amount of awe to which his position and his achievements entitled him.

Here he found a new life, a life of which Lady Lebanon knew nothing: human beings with theories and facts, sometimes fantastic, sometimes curiously near the truth. Here were men and women who had known Studd and had liked him, who regarded him as a human being and not as a figure in a case; who remembered his good humor and his peculiar weaknesses, of which they spoke with the greatest discretion, although there was a kitchen maid who mentioned Mrs. Tilling with a sniff.

THEY were all pleasurably terrified and more pleasurably reassured by the presence in the house of Scotland Yard officers. Totty became godlike, hinted rather than told of his many successes in the art of detection, and so far relaxed—or Ferraby's statement was a libel—as to hold the hand of a pretty housemaid under the table during high tea.

There were evening newspapers containing a garbled account of the crime, and mentioning the fact that Chief Inspector Tanner had taken charge. To Totty's annoyance no mention was made of him.

He was surprised to find how few of the servants had ever seen Amersham. Their information about him was at second hand, and mainly supplied by Studd, who had been brought into contact with him.

They liked Lord Lebanon, were afraid of his mother, and their attitude toward Isla, for some reason, was one of pity.

Mr. Kelver, who had presided at high tea, verbally requested Totty to come into his sanctum.

"I wouldn't discuss matters with the servants if I were you. They're entirely unreliable, and it is a great mistake to give them a sense of importance, Mr. Totty!"

Totty inclined his head gravely, and since Mr. Kelver was not only himself refined but an inducer of refinement, Totty drifted insensibly into the intonation of the aristocracy.

"Yes, yes, I suppose so."

He had a little, affected laugh when he spoke in this strain.

"A nice old house, Mr. Kelver."

"Yes, it is quite old—historic. Queen Elizabeth lived here for a year."

Totty was instantly attentive.

"Go on!" he said, looking round with an added interest. "Did she die here?"

Mr. Kelver not only knew where she died but he knew the date of her death. It was the first time that Sergeant Totty knew that such a thing had really happened. Hitherto he had regarded these incidents of the great queen's life as the inventions of vexatious examiners, intended to trap the unwary.

"You've got two very fine, strapping footmen," he said.

"As you say, very strapping," said Kelver, strangely sardonic. "I have very little to do with them."

He had seen Dr. Amersham but had

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no knowledge of his character, except what he had learned from Studd.

"He was not a very nice gentleman, according to poor Studd; but then, as I said to him so often, it takes a lot of people to make a world."

"True, true," agreed Totty. "I suppose nothing unusual ever happens here? You never had a barney?"

Mr. Kelver was puzzled, and his visitor hastened to explain. Apparently there had been some sort of disturbance, and after Mr. Kelver had expressed his reluctance to discuss his employer's affairs he proceeded to discuss them.

"There was one morning when it looked as if there'd been a free-for-all," he said in a hushed voice. "Mirrors were broken and chairs smashed and wine glasses thrown about the floor, and Gilder, the footman, had a black eye; and I am told, although I have only got the word of poor Studd to go on, that Dr. Amersham was a little the worse for wear the next day."

He went to the door, opened it and looked out, closed it and went on in a lower voice:

"There's something happening in this house, sir, which I cannot fathom. His lordship is treated as though he had no existence; his wishes are ignored, and in my opinion he's nothing better in this house than a prisoner."

He made this dramatic statement and stood back to watch its effect, and Totty's reactions were perfectly satisfactory.

"They never let him out of their sight," said Kelver. "I can tell you this: I've had instructions, which I very much resent, though they were given to me by her ladyship, that I am to listen to any telephone calls he makes. If he has a servant he trusts, that servant is discharged. He has engaged three valets to my knowledge, and each man has been discharged on some excuse or other. The only man with whom he was friendly was Studd, who I believe would have done anything for him."

Again he paused dramatically.

"Studd was murdered! I've never expressed my opinion before, and I trust, Inspector Totty—am I right in saying 'Inspector'?"

"Perfectly right," said Totty gravely.

"I trust this will go no farther. There is something in this house, some dreadful force, which is beginning to get on my nerves. I would gladly sacrifice a month's salary to leave tonight."

TOTTY leaped to his feet. Kelver stood, open-mouthed. There was no mistaking that sound. It was a scream—a woman's scream of fear. In two strides he was at the door and had flung it open.

A low passageway ran toward the house, and on the left were stairs leading by the servants' stairway to the upper hall. He heard the swift rush of feet, and Isla Crane flung herself down and would have fallen but Totty's arm slipped round her and caught her up.

She was on the point of collapse, so far gone in fear that she could hardly speak.

"What's the matter, miss?"

She looked fearfully at the stairway and shrank farther back.

"Somebody following you? Catch hold of the young lady, Mr. Kelver."

He leaped up the stairs, and stopped on the fourth step. Gilder stood on the landing above, glaring down.

"Anything wrong?" he asked in his deep, rumbling voice.

"Come here. What's the matter with the young lady?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir. I heard somebody cry out and I came to see what was wrong."

He came slowly down, reached the passage and stood, staring gloomily at the girl. She had recovered a little.

"I don't want you," she said tremulously. "Go upstairs—I don't want you . . . don't you hear me?"

"Is anything wrong, miss?" he asked.

"No. . . . I'm all right. I . . ." She could not finish.

Then she turned to Totty.

"I want to go back to my room. Will you come with me?"

HE WENT before her up the stairs, but she said no other word and, going into the old lord's room, she closed the door almost in his face and locked it.

Gilder was watching him.

"The young lady's a bit nervous," he said.

"Do you know what frightened her? And take that grin off your face, will you?"

"If I didn't smile, mister," said Gilder coolly, "I'd go batty in this house. It doesn't seem unnatural to me that she's upset. We all are. You don't want me, do you?"

Totty did not answer. He went back to the butler's room and found the agitated Kelver helping himself to a small glass of brandy; his hand shook so that Totty could hear the rattle of glass against glass before he came into the room.

"What do you think she saw?" asked the puzzled Totty.

"I don't wish to think about it at all, Mr. Totty. Will you help yourself to a little Napoleon brandy?"

Totty never drank before a certain hour, and that hour had not yet struck.

He found Tanner in the small drawing-room, where a writing table had been placed for him. This room had the advantage that it contained one of the three telephones which served Mark's Priory.

"It's a mystery to me," said Totty. "She saw something. Of course, it might be the American footmen she's scared of."

Tanner shook his head.

"By the way, Lord Lebanon is going down to the village. I'd like you to go down with him. You'd better take a gun, if it's only for the moral effect, but I'd much prefer you'd take your little rubber blackjack. I don't think anything will happen, but you never know."

"What's the idea?" asked the startled Totty. "Why is he going to the village?"

"He wants to see Mrs. Tilling, and I prefer he should go by the road. He's only just heard about Tilling's disappearance and he's a little concerned. I'd much rather he went by the road than across Priory Fields. If you're scared I'll send Ferraby."

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

"Anything wrong?" Gilder asked in his rumbling voice

Totty was hurt.

"Have you ever known me to be scared? What is there in the park that's likely to touch a couple of men? You're getting romantical, Tanner."

"'Sir' will do," said Tanner. "No, I'm not romantical, but I don't want you to be too confident, Totty. There will be considerable danger in the park, and be prepared for it."

In spite of his experience, Sergeant Totty felt a chill shiver run down his spine.

"You're certainly a godsend to my nerves!" Totty exclaimed. "Is there a hiding place in the park? Do you think this fellow's still there?"

Tanner nodded.

"He's still on this estate," he said seriously. "Ferraby can go with you—"

"Don't be silly," snorted Totty. "When I get to the point where I have to go out with a battalion I'll chuck the police and join the army."

"Don't forget that Lord Lebanon is in your charge," said Tanner as he was leaving the room. "If anything happens to him, you're responsible. You may take a gun but you're not to use it unless you find that scarf round your throat, and then I rather fancy you won't have time."

The sergeant found the young man waiting in the hall, fuming.

"I don't mind being treated as a baby by my revered parent," he said, "but when you fellows from Scotland Yard get this nursemaid habit—well, it's a little trying."

Nevertheless, he was glad of the company, for he liked Totty. They walked down the dark drive, Totty alert, his eyes roving from shadow to shadow, and shooting the ray of the flashlight which he carried from bush to bush. In his imagination he saw lurking shapes in every hollow. Once he thought he heard a stealthy footstep behind, and stopped and turned. He could have sworn he saw a figure melt into the bushes, but when he shot his light up the drive there was nothing visible.

THEY had reached the road, and again Totty was sure that he heard somebody moving on the other side of the hedge parallel with the path. In spite of his natural courage he felt unpleasantly damp behind the ears, and was glad when they came to the gate of the cottage.

The call brought no satisfaction to him as a detective. Lebanon's visit was one of sympathy. He wanted to know whether the woman had money, and questioned her closely about the gamekeeper. Mrs. Tilling was nervous and, for once in her life, reticent. She was obviously overwhelmed by this unexpected visit, and for the greater part of their stay was tongue-tied.

"Quite an odd person," said Lebanon as they were walking back, "and rather pretty, don't you think? They say the most terrible things about her, but I don't suppose they're true. I wonder what's happened to her husband—she oughtn't to be there alone."

Totty was absorbed in his own thoughts. He was walking close to the hedge and again he was conscious of the invisible shadow that paced by his side. Once he heard a small branch break under the feet of the unknown.

His beam was going left and right like a lighthouse as they walked up the drive. Somebody was behind them. Twice he turned without warning and flashed his lamp backward, yet saw nothing. But he could hear. The shadow was keeping to the grass, but once he

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had to cross a path which ran at right angles to the drive, and Totty heard the crunch of his feet on the gravel. He saw Lebanon up to the door, waited for him to go in, and went back the way he had come. He took the grass verge and moved stealthily, keeping close to the trees. Suddenly he saw something, and whipped out his gun.

"Stand where you are, unless you want a bullet in your stomach," he said and turned on his light.

In the circle of light stood Ferraby.

"Don't shoot, Colonel," he said cheerfully. "I'm both a friend and a comrade."

"Were you the fellow on the other side of the hedge?"

"I was. I didn't realize you were so nervous, Totty, and why on earth did Tanner trust you with a pistol? I hope it isn't loaded."

"What were you doing?"

"Carrying out my instructions," said Ferraby, as he lit a cigarette. "My instructions were to shadow you both."

Mr. Totty was reasonably annoyed, a little relieved, too.

"If Tanner can't trust me—"

"Whom does he trust?" said Ferraby.

As they strolled toward the house Totty graciously condescended to accept a cigarette.

"What's Tanner's idea? The worst thing about him is that he gets mysterious. I've noticed it in other cases. He puts all the facts together, and doesn't let you know what's going on till the case is over. It's getting on my nerves, Ferraby, all these squawky women—"

"Which squawky women?" asked Ferraby quickly.

"That young lady of yours, Miss What's-her-name."

"Miss Crane? Has there been any trouble?"

He was so palpably agitated that Totty felt revenged. He told his companion his experience, and Mr. Ferraby was frankly affected.

Totty looked at him severely. They stood in the half-light of the porch, finishing their cigarettes before they went into the hall.

"Are you in love with this woman?" demanded Totty, in his most paternal manner. "If you are, forget it. She's above you, my boy; she's meant for another. The wedding bells will toll when the young lord leads her to the altar. She loves you heart and soul, but yet she will not falter—a bit of poetry that I learned many years ago. It's curious how it comes back to you."

Ferraby scowled and left him.

THE police messenger, the inner man refreshed, was waiting in the shadow of the porch. Totty did not notice him till his companion had gone. He was waiting for a dispatch to town.

"It's a funny thing, Sergeant," he said, "but the moment you get down to the country it always seems like half past twelve. Have you ever noticed that?"

"I notice everything," said Totty.

"Who's that young fellow that came out and talked to me—a boy? You walked up to the door with him a little while ago."

"That young boy was Lord Lebanon—Viscount Lebanon," said Totty impressively.

"Oh!" said the unimpressed courier. "He talks very ordinary. Quite a nice fellow. As a matter of fact, I knew he was somebody important. He asked me a lot of questions about the work. He seems to have a good opinion of Mr. Tanner."

"Did he mention me?" asked Totty anxiously.

Totty found Tanner where he had left him. He was finishing his report to the chief constable, and folding it in an envelope.

"Is that messenger waiting? Good. Well, how is Mrs. Tilling?"

"She seems pretty scared, Chief—" began Totty.

"You see too many talkies, Totty. Will you be kind enough not to call me 'chief?' If you feel you must be very precise you can address me as 'chief inspector,' but even that isn't necessary. Scared, is she? Humph!" Tanner bit his lip thoughtfully. "I wonder . . ."

"I'm wondering a bit, too," said Totty.

TANNER looked toward the door, took two steps and flung it open. Gilder was standing on the threshold; he was carrying a little silver tray with a pot of coffee on it.

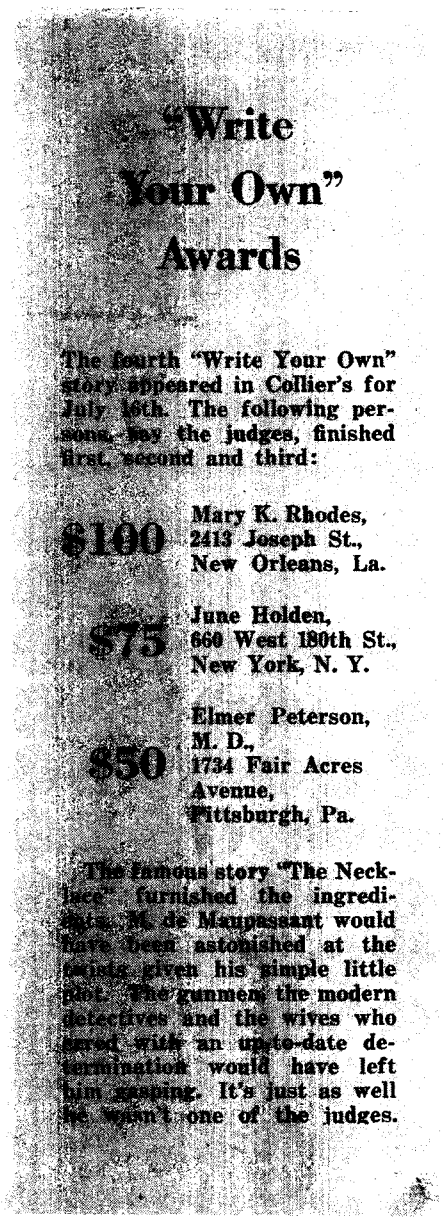
"Here's your coffee, Captain," he said.

"How long were you waiting there?"

"Just arrived, sir, when you opened the door."

Tanner pointed to a table.

"Put your tray down there," he said.


"Write Your Own" Awards
The fourth "Write Your Own" story appeared in Collier's for July 16th. The following persons, say the judges, finished first, second and third:
$100
Mary K. Rhodes, 2413 Joseph St., New Orleans, La.
$75
June Holden, 660 West 180th St., New York, N. Y.
$50
Elmer Peterson, M. D., 1734 Fair Acres Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
The famous story "The Necklace" furnished the ingredients. M. de Maupassant would have been astonished at the twists given his simple little plot. The gunmen, the modern detectives and the wives who bored with an up-to-date determination would have left him gasping. It's just as well he wasn't one of the judges.

He shut the door on the servant, opened it quickly to make sure he was not still there, and closed it again.

"Lebanon was quite right—they do quite a lot of listening at Mark's Priory," he said. "This door isn't too thick, either."

He glanced round the room with a wry smile.

"A queer place, this, or, as Lebanon says, 'odd.' I'd give a lot of money to have the case finished and be out of it."

He took up the envelope.

"Give this to the courier—no, I'll give it to him myself."

Totty followed him out to the porch. The messenger hastily threw away a half-consumed cigarette and saluted.

"This is for the chief constable. Put it in your pouch and be very careful. You ought to be in London by eleven, and the chief constable will be waiting in his office for you."

The man wheeled his motorcycle onto the drive, and with a sputter the machine started, gathering speed as it flew down the drive.

He had turned the first bend, and only the dim reflection of his lights could be seen overhead, when Tanner heard a crash, and the lights suddenly went out. The next second he heard a yell, and raced down the drive, Totty at his heels. There was shouting and a sound of struggle. When they came to the spot the courier was on his knees, the machine sprawled at one side of the road.

"There was a rope across the drive or something," he said shakily. "When I fell, somebody jumped at me and tried to put something round my neck!"

Totty flashed his light around. There was no sign of the assailant. "What sort of man was he?"

"I don't know. I couldn't see; my light was out. He must have been pretty strong, for he half lifted me up. I punched him but I don't think I hurt him."

"You don't know which way he went?"

"No, sir."

THE messenger limped over to his machine and with the aid of Totty's light made an examination. Nothing more serious had happened than a smashed lamp, and even this could be rectified with Totty's flashlight, which he strapped to the handlebars.

"You're not hurt—you're sure?" said Tanner.

"I'm all right, sir; I can get on. Gosh! I'd like to have got that bird!"

"You say he tried to put something round your neck? Perhaps he dropped it."

But when Totty went back to the house and got another light there was no sign of the red scarf, and no evidence to connect anybody with the attack.

"Is the letter all right?"

The man felt in his pouch, and then made a discovery. The strap that held the pouch was half cut through, obviously by a sharp knife.

"That's what they wanted, eh?" said Tanner. "Quick workers here. All right, my son; stick the letter in your pocket, and explain to the chief constable why you had to double it up."

The man buttoned the letter into his hip pocket and started. They followed him at a distance down the drive and saw him turn onto the main road.

"He's safe now," said Tanner. "Quick workers, eh? Would you believe it? I think I was wise to send Ferraby with you—there might have been bad trouble."

When they got to the Hall a curious thing happened. The big room was empty. They had hardly entered before Gilder came in. He was like a man who had been running, and obviously he was out of breath. His thin hair, usually brushed so neatly, lay over his forehead, and his unpleasant face bore a curious, strained expression.

"Hullo!" said Tanner. "What's been happening to you?"

The man swallowed nervously.

"I fell asleep in my pantry—a fool thing to do—and had a bad dream."

"Is it damp in your pantry?"

Tanner was looking at his boots. They were wet, and sticking to his heels were two or three tufts of grass. The man looked from the boots to the detective and grinned.

"I went out for a smoke a while ago," he said.

He was moving off when Tanner called him back.

"You didn't dream about motorcycles, by any chance, did you—police motorcycles, for choice?"

Gilder shook his head.

"No, sir, I dreamed about"—he considered—"earthquakes."

"I can almost admire that fellow," said Tanner when he had gone.

He sat down at Lady Lebanon's desk, picked up a pencil and nibbled at it.

"Mrs. Tilling is a bit of a problem. In fact, I think she's our biggest immediate problem."

HE GOT up and began to pace the room.

"Get the squad car," he said suddenly, "go round to the cottage, pick her up, take her to the White Hart and say nothing about it to anybody. We've got two men staying there, haven't we? Well, you can tell one of them to keep an eye on her."

"Suppose she won't leave the cottage?" said Totty.

"You will pick her up in your arms very gently, almost tenderly," said Tanner, extravagantly sarcastic; "you may even let her head rest upon your shoulder; you will carry her with the greatest care down the garden path and chuck her into the car. There is a time when there should be an end to all politeness. You may even hit her on the head, but take her to the White Hart."

Totty drifted out to the garage, found the chauffeur of the service car and drove with him to the gate of the cottage. The gate was open, though he distinctly remembered bolting it when he left. The second little gate was also wide open, and when he got to the door he found it ajar.

"Look here, Sergeant"—it was the police chauffeur—"that window's been smashed!"

Totty directed his light to the window. Two panes had been broken; the window itself was open. His heart beating a little faster, he went into the dark passage and advanced cautiously.

The sitting-room door was ajar, and when he went in he saw that the table had been overturned. Every picture on the walls had been smashed, and a broken chair which had been thrown onto the sofa was apparently the instrument used.

The next room was a bedroom. There was nobody here, but again he saw signs of destruction. The bed had been thrown bodily onto the floor; a washstand had been overturned, and the carpet was littered with shards of broken water jugs.

THESE were the only two rooms disturbed, as far as he could see, but the back door was wide open. There was no sign of Mrs. Tilling. He was contenting himself with a cursory examination from the doorstep, and was turning back into the house, when the chauffeur, behind him, said excitedly:

"There's somebody lying up there, near those fruit trees."

At the back of the house was a kitchen garden, and beyond a tiny orchard. Totty directed his light again and saw something huddled on the ground. It was a woman; he ran forward and bent over her. She was breathing. A woman without speech, terrified to the verge of madness; a woman who, when he lifted her up, could only stare at him, glare at him, and move quivering lips that made no sound.

He remembered Tanner's ironic instructions as he lifted her and carried her in his arms round the cottage, through the gate, into the car. She was moaning, and halfway to the inn began to make incoherent sounds. Fortunately there was nobody about at that hour of the night, and with the help of the landlady and a maid they got her into a room, and Totty went down to the phone and rang Tanner.

"She's not injured at all?"

(Continued on page 32)

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Late-Blooming Barrymore

By Henry F. Pringle

It took Lionel twenty-two years to achieve his first big success in the movies. Since then they've tumbled over each other. Now he's with the stars to stay. And when he emotes—even actresses weep

JOHN BARRYMORE, it is unanimously agreed, insists on camera shots which emphasize the flawless beauty of his left profile. Ethel Barrymore has won a reputation for imperiousness; she frowns in thunderous majesty when her royal prerogatives are forgotten. But Lionel Barrymore, the oldest member of this famous trio, is widely accepted as a gentle and self-effacing fellow whose modesty is equaled only by his histrionic talents. Lionel, according to this theory, cares not at all for the applause of the mob or its homage. Never, never would he decline to play Romeo, as Brother John is supposed to have done, because the rôle of Mercutio is so very "juicy."

No?

Lionel Barrymore is described in Hollywood, where he is now one of the two or three outstanding screen players, as a "first take" actor. This technical classification derives from the fact that a motion picture is evolved by the trial-and-error method. Having learned their lines, the members of the cast report for rehearsals of the various scenes. The director explains his conception of the action and the cameraman retires for a smoke while preliminary trials are held. At last the call for silence goes out and the cameras begin to grind. Each scene is shot at least twice.

Rather frequently, Lionel Barrymore does exceptionally well the first time. He infuses precisely the correct amount of emotion or restraint into his acting. He is sometimes so superior to his fellow actors that the contrast is glaring. "That was swell, Lionel," the director calls. "You were great! We'll have to do it over, though; the rest of the cast muffed it."

Barrymore agrees amiably and proceeds to go through the business again. His second performance lacks the fervor and power of the first, however. The studio executives who decide on the rushes next day often find it necessary, in view of the fact that Lionel is the star, to select the version in which Barrymore distinguished himself. In due time the critics again call attention to his masterly acting.

Undoubtedly, Lionel would plead not guilty to an accusation that he deliberately seeks to outshine his colleagues of the cinema. He would be justified in making indignant denials. The trait is instinctive, not conscious, and it does not mean that he has a prima-donna complex. On the contrary, he is willing to work very hard and is quite humble about following directions. But, in common with all good actors, he is highly competitive. Work opposite a particularly talented player makes him exert himself to an unusual degree.

The Studio Peacemaker

He is really a charming, generous person. In a recent picture a veteran stage actor, assigned to a moderately important part, was seized with an attack of nerves. He forgot his lines completely when the shooting started. The situation was growing decidedly uncomfortable when Lionel took the actor aside and said something in a low voice. No one heard what he said. It was probably to the effect that the movies were ridiculous, anyway, and certainly could not disconcert a veteran trouper. The actor grinned, pulled himself together and did very creditable work when the scene was taken again.

Barrymore wins, too, the fervent adoration of younger actors because he is friendly and kind. During the making of Grand Hotel, which will long be remembered in Hollywood as the Battle of the Stars, Lionel was one of the few harmonizing influences. At intervals, when Garbo snubbed everyone impartially and when John Barrymore irritably complained that the lighting was bad, Lionel's exertions almost entitled him to the Nobel Peace Prize.

"Every single day," confided the lovely but easily wounded Joan Crawford to her intimates, "Mr. Lionel Barrymore would say something nice to me. He'd say, 'How are you, baby? I never saw you look so beautiful,' or he'd tell me that I had acted better than any other day that week. I know he didn't mean it, but it was nice to hear."

After all, Lionel had been in a picture or two already and had seen many a cinema celebrity rise to the two-Rolls-Royce status and then retire toward oblivion in a flivver. "It's a business, a lot like any other," he says; although he doesn't really mean this.

Barrymore has been a movie actor, off and on, for over twenty years. In 1909, when aristocrats of the theatrical world considered pictures beneath con-

Apeda Studio, Inc.

Grand Hotel: Lionel Barrymore being ministered to by Joan Crawford—and if this is overacting, why these tears?

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tempt, Lionel was already working down on Fourteenth Street in New York under the eyes of a gentleman named D. W. Griffith. An obscure young actress who called herself Mary Pickford was with him in a flickering film or two. He divided his time, during the next two decades, between the stage and the screen and his interest in the latter was frankly aroused by the pleasant checks signed by the movie magnates.

He did not care, in fact, where his retainers came from. Eight or nine years ago, a free-lance actor in California, he was entirely willing to accommodate the quickie producers and would work for a week or less in some hurried super-epic. He received his usual fee of $500 or $1,000 and he frowned, gesticulated and tossed his hair with only the vaguest notion of what the picture was all about. Eventually, the frequency of his appearances began to damage his reputation and he abandoned the practice. The quickie people had been advertising Barrymore as the star in productions which were, save for his acting, entirely tawdry.

The talkies constituted a stroke of luck for Lionel Barrymore. Like all competent actors with stage experience, he was suddenly in great demand.

He was assigned to The Lion and the Mouse, to Alias Jimmy Valentine and other pictures which earned vast sums, although they were, as examples of the new art, pretty bad. Lionel had more work than he could take care of. In time, though, the novelty began to wear off. Other actors had been summoned to Hollywood and he was called upon less frequently. The hard fact was that, being over fifty, he was too old to play the traditional hero rôles.

The officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company which had Barrymore under contract, made it as easy as possible for him. They said that his long stage career qualified him as a director. He did not like the change and resented the advent of age. He successfully directed Ruth Chatterton in Madame X and made several other good pictures, however.

In his new work, Lionel was a novelty. He indulged in none of the customary exhibitionisms. He sat cross-legged in front of the camera and guided his cast in a low, mild voice. Ultimately he decided to go back to acting and take what parts he could get.

Tears Not in the Script

Barrymore had no reason to believe that he had a future in the talkies. It looked as though he were about to lapse into obscurity. Quite by chance, at this time, the studio was preparing to cast Norma Shearer as the star of A Free Soul, another of those pictures about our gin-jazz-pleasure-mad dancing daughters. Someone had the intelligence to suggest that Lionel Barrymore was just the man for the girl's father, a reprobate lawyer.

This was the actor's dream of a part. The lawyer was a habitual drunkard who was called upon, in the final scenes, to defend his daughter against a murder charge. Barrymore put incredible force into it; so much force, indeed, that the interpretation would have been definitely ham in the hands of almost any other actor. The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences called it the best screen performance of 1931. The film made a fortune for M-G-M and Barrymore was, overnight, a box-office asset. His blooming had taken a long time. Twenty-two years had passed since his first movie.

It has not mattered, since then, that Lionel can no longer play conventional hero parts. His name, in electric lights over countless theaters, brought in the crowds. Screen dramas were written to bring out his particular talents. Significantly, most of them called for moments of high emotion. Barrymore has gesticulated, gurgled and fallen dead. He has outwitted thieves, or as a master criminal, eluded the arm of the law. He is probably the only living screen star who consistently overacts and yet escapes the brand of ham.

There was no overacting, however, in the rôle which has won the greatest acclaim this year—Kringelein in Grand Hotel. Barrymore's interpretation of the pitiful sick clerk, who stays at the Grand Hotel in quest of some gayety before he dies, was probably the best individual performance in that glittering all-star circus. Toward the end there is a scene with Flæmmschen, the gaudy little stenographer who has been earning an extra penny or two by being broad-minded on the subject of personal morals. Flæmmschen and Kringelein are drawn toward each other. At last the little old clerk asks timidly whether, things being as they are, Flæmmschen will accompany him to Paris.

Joan Crawford was the stenographer. She wilted completely when Lionel spoke the lines and burst into tears which were real instead of glycerin. This was not called for in the script, but the order to shoot the scene was hastily given and it became a high spot in the finished picture. To Lionel, though, this had been merely a sequence to be acted as well as possible. A few minutes later he was profanely hunting for the mustache which was part of his make-up. It was constantly dropping off his lip and getting lost.

Like all of the Barrymores, Lionel was destined for the stage. He seems to have fought against this destiny, but only mildly. He must have sometimes regretted, except during the last few years, that he capitulated. Today his pictures are among the best money-makers that leave Hollywood, and Lionel has achieved importance in his own right. But he was submerged, far too long, by the fame which surrounded Brother John and Sister Ethel.

He was born in Philadelphia on April 29, 1878, the first child of those American stage favorites, Georgiana Drew and Maurice Barrymore. His boyhood was a rather turbulent one in which the odors of backstage and grease paint blended with those of trains, steamers and hotel rooms. The family was always on the move; when John and Ethel were born they were added to the troupe and the play went on. There was, of course, plenty of money. Georgiana Drew and Maurice Barrymore earned large sums. Very often John Drew, suave and dapper and fearfully alluring to Victorian ladies, was also in the cast.

Music and Art on the Side

Tutors, occasional brief sessions in New York and Boston schools, pleasant periods in which education was momentarily forgotten—such was the boyhood of this son of the "royal family." His ineffective attempts to avoid a stage career consisted principally of art studies in Paris. But this was to be an avocation of the future and not Lionel's vocation. He studied music, too, and the oldest of the Barrymores is now regarded with awe in Hollywood because he can paint and compose.

It is incredible, looking back across the years, that Lionel Barrymore can still worry over the possibility that some actor will surpass him in an emotional scene. Since 1893, when he made an official début in The Rivals, he has played in so many productions that the novelty must long since have vanished. They are, most of them, forgotten offerings now and their scenery has crumbled to dust.

The century turned and he continued in other equally obscure dramas. Ill health forced him to leave the stage between 1906 and 1909, but then he was back again. Meanwhile the beauty and the husky voice of Ethel Barrymore were winning acclaim, and Brother John, the critics said, had a brilliant future as a comedian.

Both of them were much more successful than Lionel. As in motion pictures, his blooming on the stage was late. Until February, 1918, he was considered merely a first-class character actor. That month he opened in the part of Milt Shanks in The Copperhead and received an ovation after the first performance. Heywood Broun called it "the best piece of acting I ever saw."

A year later John Barrymore, who had abandoned light comedy for the more histrionic varieties of tragedy, suggested that they play together in The Jest, a work of great artistic merit but no apparent box-office worth. Lionel had planned a fishing trip and did not want the part. John said that a run of two weeks was the most that could be expected and that the trip could be taken in a fortnight. The Jest ran for almost a year!

It is not likely that Lionel Barrymore will desert the movies again. He is not precisely a gay or light-hearted individual. At fifty-four, he looks his age. His hair is gray and is constantly in disorder because Lionel runs his hands through it every few seconds. His eyes are blue and rather bright. Although he is six feet tall he seems distinctly smaller because of a stoop with which he walks. His voice, rising to a near-falsetto when he is in the midst of an emotional scene, is never particularly deep. Rather brusque in his manner and profane in his utterances, Barrymore gives strangers the notion that he is crotchety. This, in so far as it is real and not merely on the surface, is due to poor health. Barrymore suffers acutely from a bad leg and from indigestion.

None of Your Business

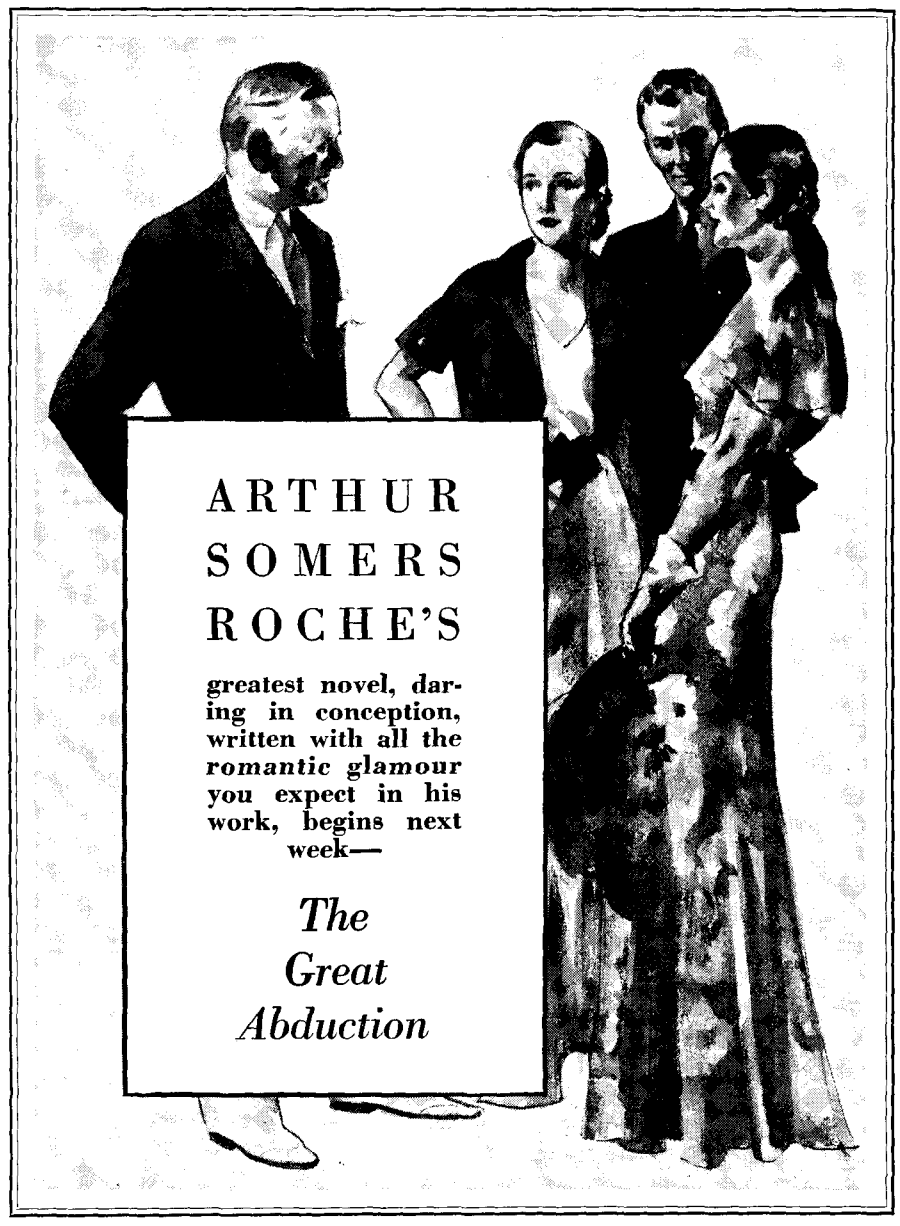
Beyond any doubt, he is the worst dresser in Hollywood. His hours are the most irregular. He seems never to sleep except when he is on the set and is waiting for work to begin. He will telephone his director, the author, the scenario writer or a studio official at almost any hour of the night and will discuss the picture in progress for hours. He is always late in memorizing his lines. He loses things continually. He becomes really grouchy and ill-tempered when he reads accounts of his virtues and faults. He believes them the business of no one except himself.

The work of Lionel Barrymore will not suffer in popular esteem for many years. Age has its compensations. He need not worry, as must younger actors, over the shifting of public acclaim. Barrymore finds the success he now enjoys, even though it was long in coming, very satisfactory. For a good many years, though, he brooded over the vastly greater renown of his brother. He did not permit this resentment to cloud their personal relations. It was only when John was out of hearing that Lionel referred to him as "the rich Barrymore." One afternoon he shuffled down a street on the M-G-M lot with a black expression on his face and a fellow actor asked whether something was wrong.

"I want to know," Lionel answered, "how to make some money, some *real* money."

The actor laughed. "You do pretty well, don't you?"

"No, I don't," Lionel growled. "Guess I'll have to change my name to John."


ARTHUR
SOMERS
ROCHE'S
greatest novel, daring in conception, written with all the romantic glamour you expect in his work, begins next week—
The Great Abduction

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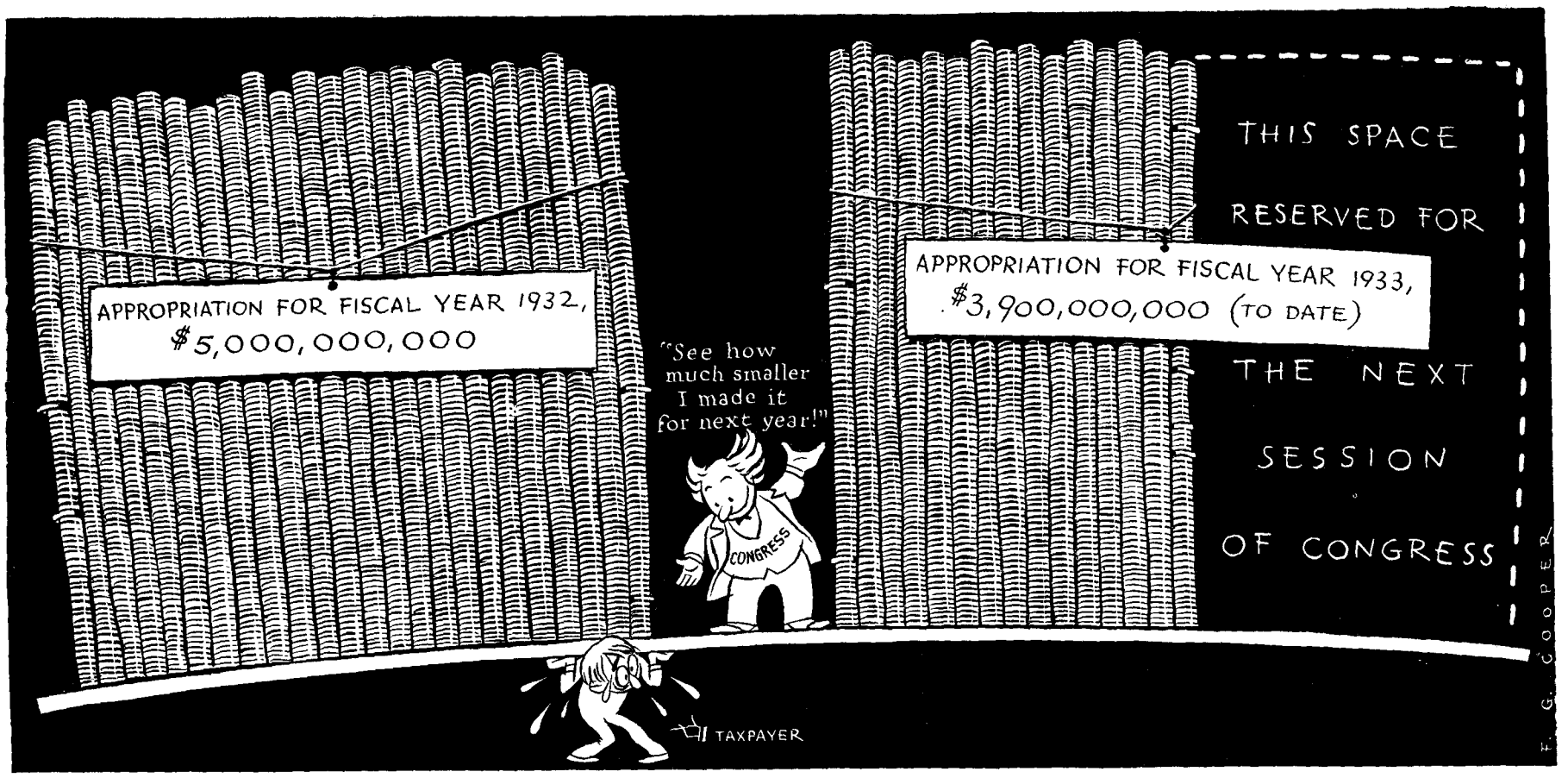

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

Special Reduction!

By Clinton W. Gilbert

IN SPITE of all talk of economy and in spite of the great need of reducing government expenditures with a deficit in revenues of about $2,000,000,000, Congress in the session which ended this summer appropriated a total of about $6,000,000,000. This is a record amount for a time of peace.

Of course there are included in this colossal total various extraordinary appropriations for the relief of the depression—$500,000,000 for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, $300,000,000 for emergency relief, $125,000,000 for the Federal land banks, and $125,000,000 for the Home Loan Board—a little over a billion dollars in all. But still, even with those items deducted, the last session of Congress was practically a $5,000,000,000 session, and that at a time when the payment of taxes presses heavily upon the country, when tax rates have reached nearly war-time levels and when the national debt is increasing by more than $2,000,000,000 a year.

But how different it all looks when you read the statements of the chairmen of the House and Senate Appropriations Committees setting forth the costs of the government for the fiscal year 1933, for which appropriations have just been made, in comparison with the costs of the fiscal year 1932, which ended on June 30th last. The two chairmen, Joseph W. Byrns, Democrat, of the House Appropriations Committee, and Wesley Jones, Republican, of the Senate Appropriations Committee, agree to a cent.

They show this appropriation for the fiscal year 1932, $5,026,046,098.18, appropriations for the fiscal year 1933 $3,886,192,479.24, a decrease of $1,139,853,618.94. A saving like that ought to make everybody feel good. Still the fact remains that this year Congress appropriated nearly $6,000,000,000.

The discrepancy between the two figures $6,000,000,000 and $3,900,000,000 for the fiscal year 1933 is explained by the fact that fiscal years under the Federal bookkeeping system do not coincide.

The fiscal year 1933 began on July 1, 1932. So Congress, which was sitting from December, 1931, to June 30, 1932, was sitting in the fiscal year 1932, and some of the vast appropriations were made for that year. Among them were two deficiency acts for a total of about $150,000,000, a veterans' bonus certificate appropriation of $204,000,000, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation appropriation of $500,000,000, and other appropriations, totaling almost $1,000,000,000.

Thus this Congress adds a billion dollars or so to the costs of the year just closed and, comparing its own appropriations for 1933 without waiting for the next session to add to them, strikes a pleasing balance and shows that the appropriations for the present fiscal year are about $1,140,000,000 less than the appropriations for the past fiscal year. That is to say, it compares what will turn out to be only part of the appropriations for the present fiscal year with the total of the appropriations for the past fiscal year.

Correct as Far as It Goes

Two sessions of Congress contribute to the total final appropriations of a fiscal year. And Congress compares the appropriations of one session for the present fiscal year with those of two sessions for the past fiscal year. It is all regular. It is all correct bookkeeping—so far as it goes. But it all contributes to the annual hornswoggling of the public about the expenses of government.

The same confusion resulting from comparing complete appropriations with incomplete appropriations vitiates the figures on savings made by the past "economical" Congress. On the face of it there is a reduction in the cost of the ten regular departments of the government in the appropriations for 1933 of about $316,000,000, but a very considerable amount of appropriations for deficiencies is included in the 1932 appropriations, while no one knows what the deficiencies for 1933 will be.

The total deficiency appropriations for 1932 were nearly $150,000,000. So it will probably be safe to cut the $316,000,000 in half. A regular trick of Congress is to hold down appropriations with the expectation of subsequently passing deficiency appropriations.

Of this total of $316,000,000 savings in the appropriations for the ten departments, $78,000,000 is a reduction in the appropriation for good roads in the Agricultural Department bill, which is certainly not likely to be a permanent reduction in the cost of government. Another item is $22,000,000 for seeds and cattle feed for farmers made in 1932 but not for 1933. This expenditure was occasioned by the drought in 1931 and there was no need for it this year. So it is not a saving. When allowance is made for prospective deficiency appropriations and for items like these two just mentioned, the saving in the cost of running the departments dwindles.

There remains to be considered the savings to be realized from the furloughing of employees of the government, making them take vacations without pay. No one knows what this saving will be. It is estimated at $150,000,000. But it is only a temporary expedient. As a balance is reached between income and expense, the furlough plan will be abandoned. And the rest of the expenses of the government will go on as before.

Under compulsion of a huge deficit not a single radical step has been taken to check the mounting costs of government. Only temporary expedients have been adopted to reduce costs for a year of depression, in the belief that revenues will be plentiful in the near future and the business of dipping into the national treasury will go on as usual. On a budget which, complete for 1932, was over $5,000,000,000 and which, incomplete for 1933, is about $4,000,000,000, the paltry sum of perhaps $300,000,000 will in reality be saved, and this on a principle which offers no guaranty of economy in the future but on the contrary holds out the prospect of continued extravagance when prosperity brings back large revenues from taxes.

High and Going Higher

No one in the government has proved competent to deal with economy in its larger aspects—the problem of keeping within reasonable bounds the mounting costs of government. The Federal expenditures rose from $3,848,000,000 in 1929 to $5,026,000,000 in 1932. The public debt rose from $16,185,000,000 on June 30, 1930, to $19,487,000,000 on June 30, 1932.

President Hoover met the situation with a few hurried conferences on the Rapidan with heads of departments and bureaus, which resulted in moderate savings when his budget for 1933 was compared with the actual expenses, including deficiencies, of 1932, but in relatively small savings when allowance is made for probable deficiency appropriations in 1933. In addition he contributed the furlough system. The total effect of his savings and those of Congress has been analyzed above.

Congress thinks only of creating jobs, making appropriations with which to buy votes. It is waiting for the time when it may be able to pay $2,500,000,000 in cash to the veterans and establish a general pension system for all the veterans of the great war. The department heads opposed reductions in their departments, their only suggestions for economy being of the kind that they knew Congress would not accept. And in regard to economy the country will gain nothing from a change of government in the forthcoming elections.

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From Hand to Hand

Continued from page 13

specially because he's got a heavy date with a girl or wants to look perfect, as nearly as possible, applying for a job. Sometimes you never see them again. But men in good jobs never lose the manicure habit, unless they lose the jobs."

This was conclusive, and more so when she illustrated by example the worst case she had encountered of a convert to the cult of manicured hands.

"He was a truck driver," she said, "and when he came in here"—to emphasize "here" the shrewd eyes swept a glance around a foreshortened palace of mirrors and white washbasins—"when he came in here I knew he was out for his first manicure. His nails looked as if they'd been in mourning for months.

"He was a bit shy. He told me that he was tired of driving trucks and had applied for a job as chauffeur to a rich family and wanted to look good. He got more than his money's worth from me—and the job from the rich family. He comes here regularly now—every two months."

These intermittent patrons of the art of manicuring are nothing compared with the vast army of shop girls, stenographers and housewives on which its practice largely depends.

These want hands affected by typewriter-tapping or dish-washing to have a weekly overhauling. The topmost tier of patrons are the ladies of means and leisure, or the stage and movie women who must get all that art has to give.

A few select salons that do not cater exclusively to these connoisseurs, but are patronized by them to the exclusion of other less atmospheric temples of the art, provide the best reflection of the high estate of manicuring and of the highest type of customers—that is, those who want the most and are willing to pay the most for it.

A Full Date Card

Consider a brisk business woman who graduated from journeyman manicurist to proprietor and chief operator in one of these emporiums. She began practicing manicuring in one of those tonsorial spots whose business brag is "Ten Barbers—No Waiting." She didn't wait long until she found that the higher-class department stores and hotels offered more to a manicurist bent more on making money than on meeting men. So she stepped up the scale until a happy moment came when she retired from a pay roll, picked out a site in a fashionable shopping area, collaborated with a partner on an attractive French name, and founded a salon where she flourishes.

I was privileged to watch her in action on a typically busy day—and evening, which meant overtime for her staff of eighteen.

These were not at all the rouged and roguish technicians of the male barber shops. Alert ladies, they wore crisp bobs and blue smocks, each seated at a dainty table by an oversized plate-glass window. Light streamed through atelier mullions above. Walls were gayly painted; sedative rather than seductive perfume gave the salon a boudoir air.

At an information desk a gay and glib young woman was kept busy by a brace of telephones, checking appointments on a spacious card. On this the working time of each manicurist was allotted in half-hour periods. The fee was a dollar the half-hour, the manicurist keeping whatever gratuity occurred. The procession of appointment calls was dotted by requests for girls to be sent to apartments and homes. These visits are checked at three dollars each—taking care of time and expense in travel.

It was the hour before lunch, and before it ended, the date-card bristled with names, many of which have made news. Limousines and taxis began to arrive, to decant women of all types of beauty and age and weight, too much or too little of either. Brightly coiffured show girls and more dignified personages of the stage came as their time arrived for pre-matinée manicures.

Shop Girls' Nails Are Best

One lorgnetted lady, rather loud, discovered, to her astonishment and anger, that all the girls were occupied—that she must wait.

"Why," she stormed, "I'm positive my secretary made an appointment. I ordered her to do so at breakfast."

The time checker had no record of the call. The lady purpled.

"This is stupid," she declaimed. "I can't possibly wait."

In the background was the calm-eyed proprietress. It seemed to me that she deliberately waited until the lorgnetted lady's wrath reached a point where the familiar threat to go somewhere else was uttered. Then she stepped in:

"If you're in a hurry," she said civilly, by no means servilely, "I'll wait on you myself."

The lorgnetted lady piped down. She was led to a special sanctum, one of three off the main salon. There she unburdened hands almost as big as a bricklayer's, and the proprietress won back both her calm and her custom.

"The risk of this business," she confided after the dowager departed, "is women of means and influence who have no patience and no consideration. Their trade is important.

"They come to have their nails tended and their minds relieved, for the modern manicure occupies for troubled middle-aged women the place of confidante and consoler which the middle-aged man found in the bartender of old."

She discoursed on nails.

"The best nails I see here," she said, "the best nails I've ever seen are those of sturdy young shop girls and stenographers. The stenographers, of course, have hazardous occupations so far as nails go. They can so easily blunt them if they use keyboards without rubber caps. Yet it always amazed me, when the long-nail fashion came in some years ago, how the typewriter pounders made their nails survive the dint of a week's work. One girl—a very intelligent girl—told me that she had trained herself to strike typewriter keys with the balls of her fingers."

At this point she stopped a young woman leaving the place. Evidently she knew her well, for the girl, cheerful and quite handsome, willingly offered her hands for examination. They were well-shaped, the nails flashily pink but not gaudy.

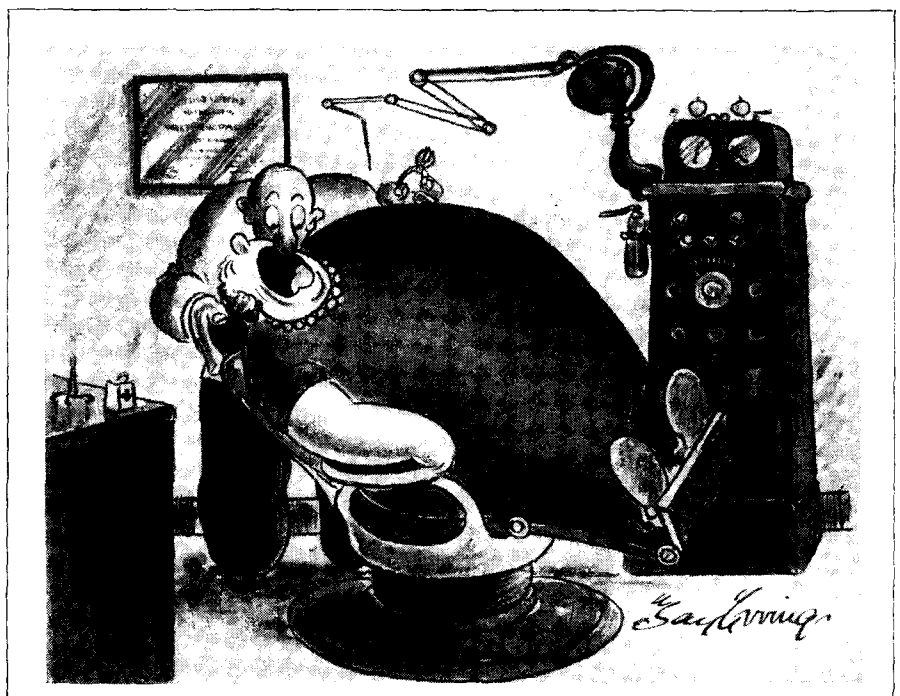
"There," said the proprietress as the girl descended to the street, "goes a perfect pair of hands. She's a waitress and her weekly luxury is a visit here. I imagine her fine hands have something to do with her fine tips.

"Like average young girls, her nails are hard and even. There are none of the corrugations and ridges that come with age, for age can as readily be told by the nails as by the teeth.

"Health, too, has a great deal to do with it. Healthy persons' nails grow fast. Women who come most frequently to their manicure rarely bother doctors.

"Anemic women, also men—or men and women too careless in their diet—usually have brittle nails which require special care in clipping. They're apt to be porous and demand double polishing. Unhealthy people, too, are more subject to hangnails."

Hangnails, it appears, form the principal risk against which the better manicurists must insure their business. Sometimes blood-poisoning develops from carelessly clipped hangnails.



"Why, Mrs. Hamilburg! You're knock-kneed!" *Jay Irving*

Jewel Colors

She cited a case in point. A customer entered a claim for damages due to blood-poisoning of a finger. The claim was denied. Suit followed. In filing a bill of particulars the claimant, under questioning, admitted that she habitually treated her own nails, and further admitted she was inexpert, otherwise she wouldn't pay for expert service to remedy her errors. The case was thrown out.

"Sensible girls and women," said our expert, "touch up their nails at the office or at home; but for real toning they find the trained manicurist necessary."

Gaze on the bewildering paraphernalia of the trained manicurist and the gazer readily believes that her art cannot be easily duplicated by the amateur. There are phials of creams and lotions.

The lotions have varied names, invented by a near relative of the genius who christens Pullmans. Polishing creams are the real challenge to invention in nomenclature. And that challenge is capably met. Here are tints and shades of the basic and overruling red. They range from natural flesh to coral, geranium and dark Biarritz. And if milady fancies—in which case she can be not milady but your lady—she has her choice of mauve, apple-green, opal, lapis-lazuli, and, to the extreme, topaz and coal black.

It isn't any wonder that nail-polish shades follow the colors of precious stones. Wasn't it the custom of the ancient Chinese and East Indians to adorn their tapering nails with caps of gold incrusted with jewels?

"Does anybody," I asked, "ever have the nerve to call for black polish?"

"With black gowns—yes," she said. "I once applied it myself to a very rich widow to attend her husband's funeral. Mostly these extraordinary shades are called for by fashionable women to make an ensemble with some gown they're wearing for a special occasion. For the Beaux Arts Ball, for instance, it's quite usual for society women to have their nails polished with silver or gold or jade to match the glittering costumes they wear.

Better Than Biting

"The more general idea of an ensemble is to have nail polish match lipstick. As an example, that young lady," she nodded almost imperceptibly to a copper-headed débutante, "has magenta lipstick and desires the same shade on her nails.

"Most women and men don't care for extreme tints. They require finger first-aid — hangnails deleted, cuticle tended, moons restored, the nail discreetly polished and trimmed evenly, the outer nail whitened. Some occasionally ask us if we can do anything for the white spots that mark the body of a nail.

"Various superstitions attach to these beams—that they mean money or good luck, or loss of money and bad luck. As a rule, you'll find them most frequently in nervous hands—and we get lots of those; cocktail and supper parties bring unsteady hands to the manicure table of a morning. I can't explain these spots except as due to some physical condition, poor circulation or an injured nail. A doctor who knows his business told me once that uric acid explained this and other defective conditions of nails. Certainly, you rarely find them in men or women who radiate health—they have hard, horny, even nails."

A young woman in an ermine wrap hurried in. Her escort waited in an elaborate lounge, tinting his fingers with innumerable cigarettes. The young lady wanted a manicure by her favorite girl, who appeared fagged after seven steady hours of handling other women's hands.

"However, she'll do it," confided the genius of the salon. "This customer's always good for a dollar tip, and that girl's one of my stars—never makes less than seventy-five a week."

She did it. The young man waited and waited. Finally, impatient, he summoned the proprietress and said:

"I might as well have a manicure while I'm waiting."

She signaled a girl to serve him.

"He might as well," she said. "Before he starts biting his nails, as so many waiting men do."

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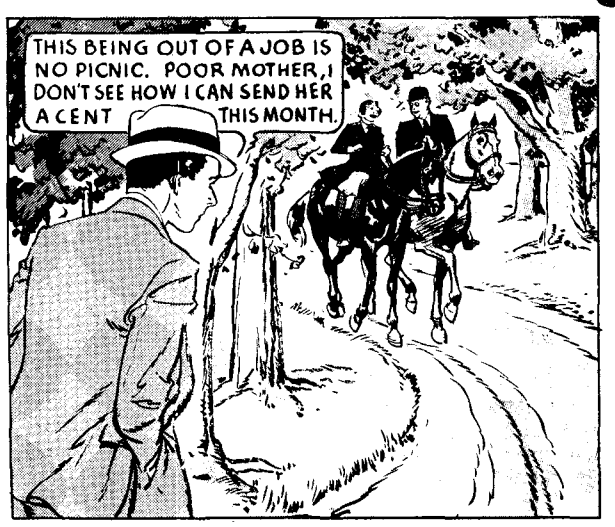
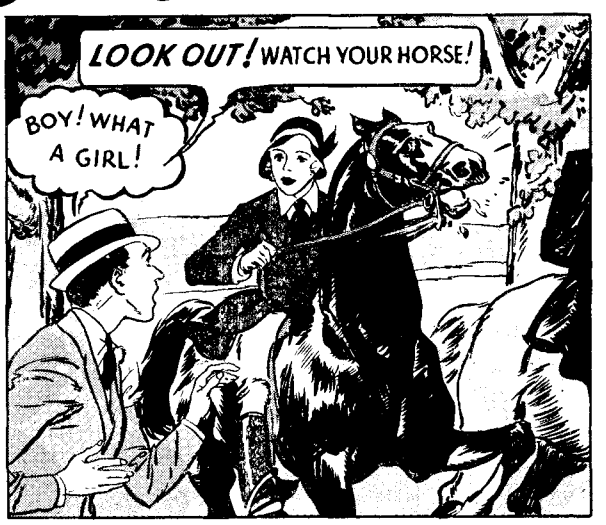
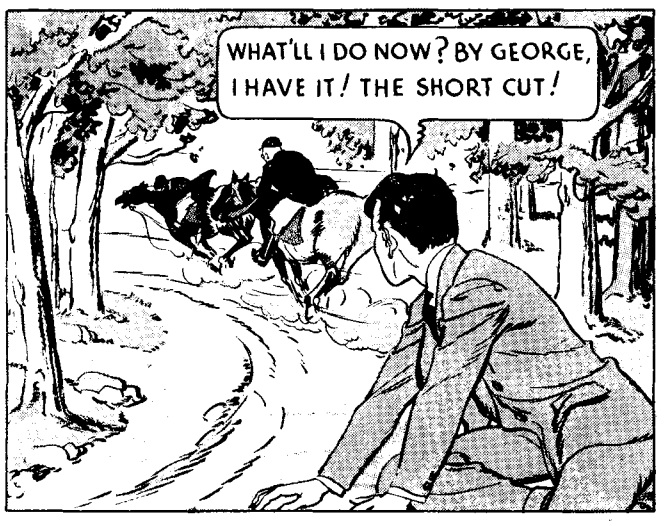
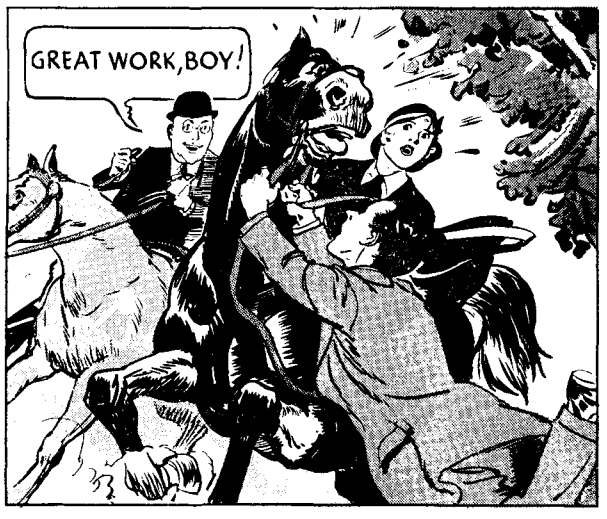
RED gets his Chance









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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 26

"Not so far as I can see, but she's as near to dead as makes no difference," said Totty. "It must have happened a few minutes before we got there. There was a candle in the bedroom and the wick was still smoldering."

Tanner was so long silent that Totty thought he had left the instrument and called him.

"All right, I'm just thinking." Tanner's voice was impatient. "Quick workers! Get a doctor for the woman—"

"I've done that. You ought to know me better, Tanner." Mr. Totty was reproachful. "I thought of going back to the cottage and seeing what I could pick up."

"Come back to Mark's Priory. You'll find nothing at the cottage, not even a thick ear. I'll phone the chief constable and get him to send some of his mobile police to take charge of the place. You're sure she's not hurt? By the way, that candle wick isn't very reliable. I've known extra long wicks to smolder for sixteen minutes, especially if the candles are cheap."

Totty stayed at the White Hart long enough to instruct one of the Scotland Yard men who had his lodgings there and who had been detailed for an entirely different duty that night. Before he left the inn Ferraby had joined him and heard the story at first hand. He whistled softly.

"Poor little beggar! We look like having an exciting night. Look at me—the Wild West *in excelsis!*"

He opened his coat. Strapped about his waist was a pistol belt, from which two automatic holsters depended.

"Tanner's idea—you know him. Gives you a couple of guns and spends an hour telling you not to use them. Anyway, they feel grand, but whom I'm going to shoot and why, I haven't the slightest idea."

"IF YOU get a chance of shooting you'll be lucky, my boy," said Totty ominously. "It'll be like hitting back at a streak of lightning."

"I owe that streak of lightning one, anyway," said Ferraby between his teeth. "I haven't forgotten a certain four-poster in this hostelry, which was pretty near to being a gallows." Then, earnestly: "I wish to heaven she was out of it!"

"Mrs. Tilling?"

"Mrs. Tilling? No, you know whom I'm talking about—Miss Crane. She doesn't belong in this horrible atmosphere. I've tried to persuade Tanner to send her up to town."

"What did he say?" asked Totty curiously.

Ferraby chuckled in spite of his annoyance.

"He said if everybody who was in danger at Mark's Priory had to go up to town, we'd have to hire a motor-bus. There's something in that room they won't open—Tanner's right there. I can't pass the door without my heart going into my mouth. There was a light in there tonight—I saw it from the outside of the house. It was only there a minute, and then it went out again. And I'll swear nobody went in through the door."

"Who's got the next room?"

"That was Amersham's room; it's a spare," said Ferraby as they drove back to the Priory. "Lined with panels; probably every panel's a door."

"What's on the other side?" asked the interested Totty.

"Miss Crane's room. I've been talking with Kelver, who knows something about the house. Out of curiosity he measured up the passage one day and compared it with the width of the room, and said there was about three feet unaccounted for, and those three feet are between Miss Crane's room and the room that Lady Lebanon refuses to open. There must be a passage there."

He leaned over and spoke to the chauffeur.

"Stop for a minute. There's the room—the fourth window from the top of the porch on the right, and if you look—it's got tiny panes, like one of those old dungeon windows— My God!"

The window was suddenly illuminated. The glass was opaque and it was impossible to see through it. It shone whitely, tiny squares of diffused light.

FERRABY leaped from the car and Totty followed. They ran across the grass till they were immediately under the window. Presently they saw a shadow, a grotesque, shapeless thing. It moved slowly, took strangely unnatural shapes—and then the light went out.

They stared at each other in the darkness.

"A nice place, I don't think," said Totty, breathing heavily.

"Lend me your light."

Ferraby took it from his hand and examined the wall. There was no window immediately beneath the mystery room, and apparetnly there was nothing here except the solid red brick wall of the building.

Then Totty heard an exclamation.

"Look at this!" whispered Ferraby. He was tracing a brick course with a pencil. "That's not mortar, that's iron painted like mortar! There's a door here."

He pulled a knife from his pocket—that knife which had once saved his life—opened the blade and picked at what appeared to be an ordinary-looking half-brick. His search was without success until he pressed it to test its stability. There was a click as the brick fell down like the lid of a box. In the cavity behind was a straight glass handle. Ferraby gripped it and turned, but nothing happened. He tugged again, but if there was a door here, as evidently there was, it had been fastened on the inside.

"Doing a little building, gentlemen?"

Ferraby spun round. He saw the figure which had come noiselessly behind them, but he could not have distinguished him but for the voice.

"What have you found?"

Mr. Gilder was interested, peered over their shoulders. As the light revealed the handle they heard him gasp.

"Well, I'll go to hell!" he said, and his profanity was so sincere that they knew the discovery was as much of a surprise to him as it had been to them. "Well, I'll be damned!" he varied his prophecy. "I have never seen that."

Ferraby pushed up the lid; it fastened with a click.

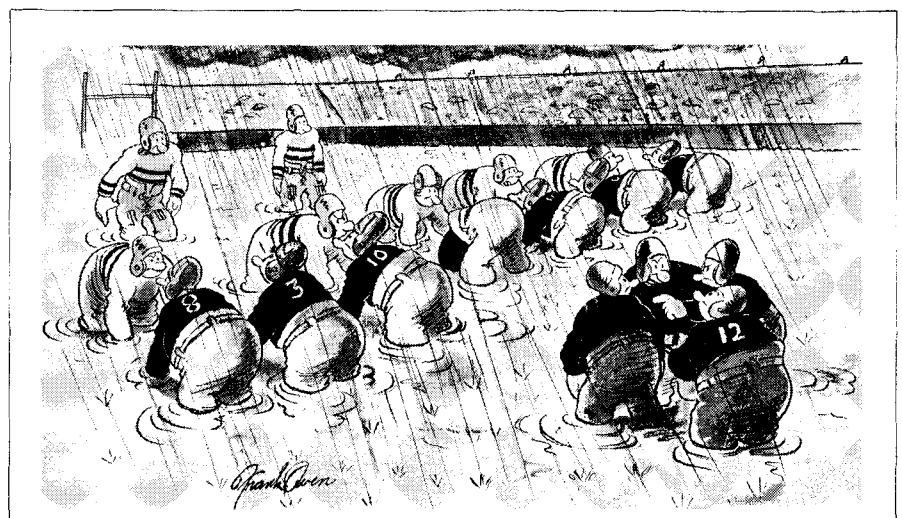
"There was a light in that window just now," said Totty. "Who went into that room?"

Gilder looked up.

"Brooks, I guess," he said readily. "Her ladyship's got a lot of letters there that she doesn't want the police to see—private letters, which is to be expected of a lady, and naturally she wants to remove 'em before Mr. Tanner makes his search. I guess it was Brooks. Anything happening down at the village, gentlemen?"

"It's very quiet," said Totty, "very, very quiet. If you want my further information you'd better read the morning newspapers. They won't know much either. Where is her ladyship—gone to bed?"

"No, sir. The last time I saw her she was playing backgammon with his lordship in the saloon—you gentlemen have not seen the saloon. It's about the only place in the house that's got any privacy nowadays."



"Let Otto carry it—he's on the swimming team!" *Frank Owen*

Ferraby had seen it. Isla had shown him over the lower floor. It was a small, rather dismal and cheerless apartment, which the Louis Quinze furniture did not brighten.

The common room seemed quite cheerful to the two men when they came in out of the night. Gilder brought them each a whisky-and-soda, made up the fire, for the night had grown cold, and went off, as he told them, in search of Brooks.

TANNER was on the phone talking to the Yard, and was telling the chief constable a great deal more than he intended telling him over the wire. The situation was a little urgent, and he could not wait for the arrival of the messenger before requesting certain assistance from headquarters.

He finished his work in the small drawing-room, turned out the light and joined Ferraby. Totty had gone upstairs to test the door of the mystery room, and came down with a negative report.

He expected to create a sensation by the story of the light, and was disappointed at the calm way in which Tanner received the news. That was the chief inspector's exasperating way.

"I know. I've seen it twice. As a matter of fact, Ferraby told me before you got here. It's very odd of him, but that's what he did. The door in the wall is interesting. I suspected it, of course, but I couldn't find it. When you come to think of it, there had to be a door in the wall, or my theory was a washout. Totty, go and find Lord Lebanon and ask him to come and be sociable. That young man has only told half his story, and I have an idea that the other half is likely to be even more interesting."

Totty found the youth alone, throwing dice into a backgammon board.

"Hullo! I thought you were in bed. Do you play backgammon? I'll play you for money or love—and I'll beat you. That is why my mother will never play with me."

"I haven't played it for years," said Totty, who had never played it at all. "The chief wondered if you'd like to come in and have a chow."

"What's that? If it's a talk, I'd love it. If it is something to eat, I'm not hungry. I've been reciting Casabianca to myself for the past half-hour just to hear the sound of my own voice. My mother is writing letters."

He took Totty's arm in his.

"Do you know your grandfather, Mr. Totty? If you don't you ought to be very thankful. I know my great-grandfather and my great-great-grandfather and innumerable ancestors, and I wish I didn't. My dear mother sets great store by what is known as 'the line.' I hoped, when you told me this morning that you were a member of an old Italian family, that you were lying. I am sure you were. I'll bet you don't even know your own father?"

Totty protested indignantly.

"I'm disappointed," said Lebanon. "I should like to meet somebody who admitted he had been found on a doorstep! When are you fellows going away? I think I'll come to Scotland Yard with you and have a bed in Mr. Tanner's office. I shall feel safe then."

"You're safe anywhere, my lord," said Totty graciously, and added: "If I'm about."

"I don't think you'd be much use," said the frank young man.

BY THIS time they had got to the common room. He greeted Tanner with a nod, and repeated his suggestion. Bill laughed good-humoredly.

"Scotland Yard would be a fine lodging for you; at any rate, it would be near to the House of Lords. By the way, have you taken your seat?"

Lebanon shook his head, took a cigar from the box, and lit it.

"No; Mother's not keen on my going in for politics. I've got a complete list of the things she's not keen on my doing. They'll make a fine book one of these days. I'm rather glad you're staying tonight." He looked round and lowered his voice: "Her ladyship isn't quite as glad! She gave me a fearful ragging, and said I was responsible, which of course was ridiculous."

"Where is Miss Crane?" asked Tanner.

Lebanon made a little face.

"She's gone to bed, I think. She's not terribly sociable. I'm going to have a very dull time when I'm married. She's awfully kind and all that, but honestly we have nothing in common."

Here one member of his audience was entirely in agreement.

Lebanon sat up and grew more confidential:

"I'll tell you who are sick about your staying—those two fellows."

Gilder came through the door, apparently concerned in replenishing a fire which he had made up only a few minutes before.

"I don't want you, Gilder."

"I was going to look at the fire, my lord."

"What time do you go to bed?" asked Tanner.

The man he addressed did not answer.

(To be continued next week)

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The Girl who Made Good

Continued from page 15

Judy, her taffeta crackling and her chiffon swishing, went down the path and got into his car. "How I love clothes that make a lot of noise!" she murmured. "And cars that don't," she added, as he turned the key and the motor purred softly. "What a lovely engine, Dr. Abbott!"

"'S a nice car," he agreed, not displeased.

She sighed happily. "It's really awf'ly white of you to take me tonight, Bill. Who'll be there?"

"Oh, the usual bunch." He looked at her. "You'll get along." He turned into the country-club road. "Are you serious about not going to college, Judy?"

"Serious!" she said. Her voice became confidential. "Bill! I haven't told the family yet. But I've become a Confucianist."

"A what?"

"A Confucianist. You know, a follower of Confucius. *He* said that education in a woman is like a knife in the hands of a monkey—" She paused, looking at him dreamily. "By the way, do you really operate—take out tonsils and appendixes like a regular doctor?"

"Oh, Lord!" moaned Bill. "What if no one takes you off my hands?"

She giggled. "You can always be called away professionally," she comforted him. "Or get one of the boys to come in and ask 'Is there a doctor in the house?' Bill!"

"What?"

"Will you take me to the theater some time and say 'Yes!' when they ask that?"

"No!" said Bill.

"Maybe I'll get engaged tonight," said Judy. "Wouldn't that burn Kay up?"

He stopped the car with a jerk. "Now get out before I throw you out!"

THEY stood together in one of the doorways of the clubhouse; the orchestra was playing The Night Shall Be Filled with Music, and everyone was dancing.

"I presume I have to start you off," Bill said. "Well, come on—only do take off that coat."

Judy shook her head, her eyes moving about the room. "No, it makes me more conspicuous with it on," she murmured absently, and took a backward step and slipped into his arms. "Hi, Tommy! 'Lo, Paul!"

"Are you dancing with me or holding Old Home Week?" asked Bill acidly.

"Darling, you *know* you want to get rid of me!"

Tommy Miller cut in and Judy blew Bill a kiss.

"Well—how's Judy?"

She looked into Tommy's pink-and-white face brightly. "Need you ask? You're aging, Thomas."

"It's the life I lead," he murmured. "It—"

Theo Kilgrew cut in. "Swell to have you home, Judy."

"Swell to be home, Theo. I don't know how you've gotten along without me." She waved to Peg Blakeman. "Do my eyes deceive me, or is that Stanton Purcell over there? I didn't know he was down."

"Been here a couple of weeks," Theo told her. "The whole family—even Madame la Princesse. Goin' to be here all summer. They shipped down fifteen saddle horses last week."

"Hmm!" said Judy. This was news. Rich and handsome, did I say? she asked herself. Stan Purcell was a young girl's dream. Former college athlete, polo player, and Baldwin Purcell's only son. She snuggled her cheek against the lilac taffeta and closed her eyes.

"Who you here with?" asked Theo.

"Bill Abbott. But he may have to leave at any minute and give someone a pill."

"D'you think if I phoned him I could count on that? I could take you home in a big way, Judy."

"You never can tell," she murmured.

The dance ended.

"I think I'll park my mackinaw," said Judy. "It's getting a wee bit warmish. I— Oh, but I must speak to Kay!" Her blue eyes were very bright, as she moved toward her sister. She really *must* speak to Kay—even though, at that very moment, Kay was talking with Stanton Purcell!

"HELLO!" said Judy, speaking to Kay. Stan Purcell looked at her vaguely. He had been in Europe the previous summer; and the summer before that Judy had been just another long-legged kid, cluttering up the beach.

"Hello," responded Kay without enthusiasm. "What do *you* want?" A handkerchief, or a penny for an all-day sucker, her voice implied.

Judy held out her hands, her eyes

Courtney Dunkel

starry. "Life! Love! The world at my feet!" she answered.

Stan Purcell snorted.

Kay pursed her red lips. "Honestly," she asked him, "can you imagine having to live in the same house with *that*, all summer?"

"Don't rush the man, Kay!" Judy protested. "Let him get to know me gradually."

Young Purcell's snort became a guffaw; Judy's laughing blue eyes looked into his brown ones.

"There ought to be institutions for kids her age," said Kay bitterly. "Imagine! She's been home from boarding-school two days, and she's already informed us that she isn't going to school any more—she's going to get married!"

He was listening to Kay, but he was looking at Judy. "Any prospects in sight?" he asked her.

Judy looked at him deliberately. "We-e-ell—"

The orchestra gave a low moan and commenced to croon.

"Dance?" asked Stanton Purcell—of Judy.

"Yes; do you?" she replied.

Stanton Purcell held her very close, looking down amusedly at her small, up-turned face. "So you don't want to go to school any more?"

She shook her head. "They don't teach the things I want to know."

"Such as—"

"Oh, you wouldn't know about that," she told him.

"I wouldn't?" He held her off at arm's length and looked at her. "You're sort of a cute little trick, aren't you?"

"Oh, not cute!" Judy's voice was reproachful. "Alluring!"

He chuckled. "Cute's easier to say."

"It's easier to be, too," she retorted.

Bill Abbott cut in, with a resolved glint in his eyes.

"Oh—you still here?" asked Judy, without so much as a backward glance at young Mr. Purcell. "I was looking for you, Bill! It's all right about me—I've got someone to take me home!"

"You have, have you? Well—you had somebody when you came!" Bill's jaw was set so sternly that she reached up one hand to shove it back into place.

"But, Bill!" she said. "I thought—"

"Look here, Judy Gilman!" he began, and suddenly swept her across the threshold to the veranda and stood glaring at her. "When you come to a dance with a man, you don't ditch him like this. Even if it's me. There are certain rudimentary rules of politeness which you apparently don't know. But you can take my word for it that that's no way to be popular with the male sex." She was listening breathlessly, and he added coldly, "For your future reference."

SHE looked at him with wide eyes. "Well—maybe I'm wrong and you're mistaken, Bill," she admitted. "But you see, I don't want to be popular with the male *sex!* There is nothing of the coquette in me, Dr. Abbott. All I want is to find my man and *cleave!* Steadfast and true—"

Bill Abbott took hold of her shoulders and shook her. "And what's more, if I were you, I'd keep away from Stan Purcell!"

"Would you?" breathed Judy. "I mean, how do you know, Bill? I mean, how do you know what you'd do if you were me?"

Dr. William Abbott looked at Judy Gilman wildly; he reached out his right arm toward her—and then put his right hand into his pocket and got out his cigarette case and laughed. "Ha!"

"Ha?" echoed Judy, who had been watching him with bright interest.

"If I ever take you anywhere again, I shall report myself at once to the nearest psychopathic ward," he stated. He lighted a cigarette, took a couple of fierce puffs and then flung it out to the lawn. "Come in and finish our dance," he said sternly.

Judy followed him obediently. "I never wanted to stop, anyway," she murmured. "Has anyone ever told you how divinely you dance, Doctor?"

And the night continued to be filled with music, and Judy Gilman continued to get along.

Stan Purcell came back for more. He had been telling everyone what a cute little trick Judy was, and he commenced to chuckle with their first step.

"How 'bout a little snifter?" he inquired. "I've got a flask and some mineral water parked out on the porch."

"I'd love to watch you drink," she answered.

The side veranda was unlighted, but at the rear of the clubhouse, overlooking the links, the platform was set with iron tables and chairs, illumined with a shifting glow from swinging lanterns overhead. Stan Purcell's arm slid about Judy's shoulders and his face was close to hers.

"How 'bout a little kiss?"

Judy did not draw back a fraction of an inch; she smiled trustingly into his eyes.

"You know, I'm saving my lips for my husband!" she confided. "I mean, I thought that since I'll be getting married so *soon* anyway—"

STANTON PURCELL blinked as they emerged into the lighted area of the porch. Somehow, you don't kiss a girl when she is chattering sixty words to the minute . . .

He chuckled again. "Damn' cute," he repeated.

"Alluring," Judy corrected him, sitting down at a table.

He retrieved his flask and poured out two drinks. "Say when, Judy—"

A shadow slanted across their table.

"Well, if isn't old Bill!" Judy exclaimed. "How you do pop up, Doctor!"

"Judy, you're not going to drink that," Bill said quietly.

"Sa-a-ay—" began Stan Purcell.

"Are you speaking," Judy interrupted him brightly, "as my family physician or just as a well-wisher, Dr. Abbott?"

"Or just as a general busybody?" inquired Stan.

Bill looked at the young man coldly. "Did you happen to be aware," he asked, "that I brought Judy to this dance?"

Stan Purcell shrugged. "What of it?"

"Merely," said Bill, "that I consider myself responsible for her while she's here."

"How gallant!" breathed Judy. "You *do* see that, Stan?"

Neither of the young men was paying any attention to Judy.

"I wasn't aware that Judy needed a guardian, but I'll be glad to relieve you of the responsibility," Stan stated. Polite enough words, but his tone somehow belied them.

"That's kind of you," said Bill, glaring.

Tommy Miller sauntered out to the veranda.

"Tommy!" called Judy happily. "Was this our dance?" She smiled confidingly at Stan Purcell as she rose, turned the same confiding smile to Bill Abbott, linked her arm through Tommy's and returned to the dance floor.

Kay stopped them. "Judy, Bill says

(Continued on page 36)

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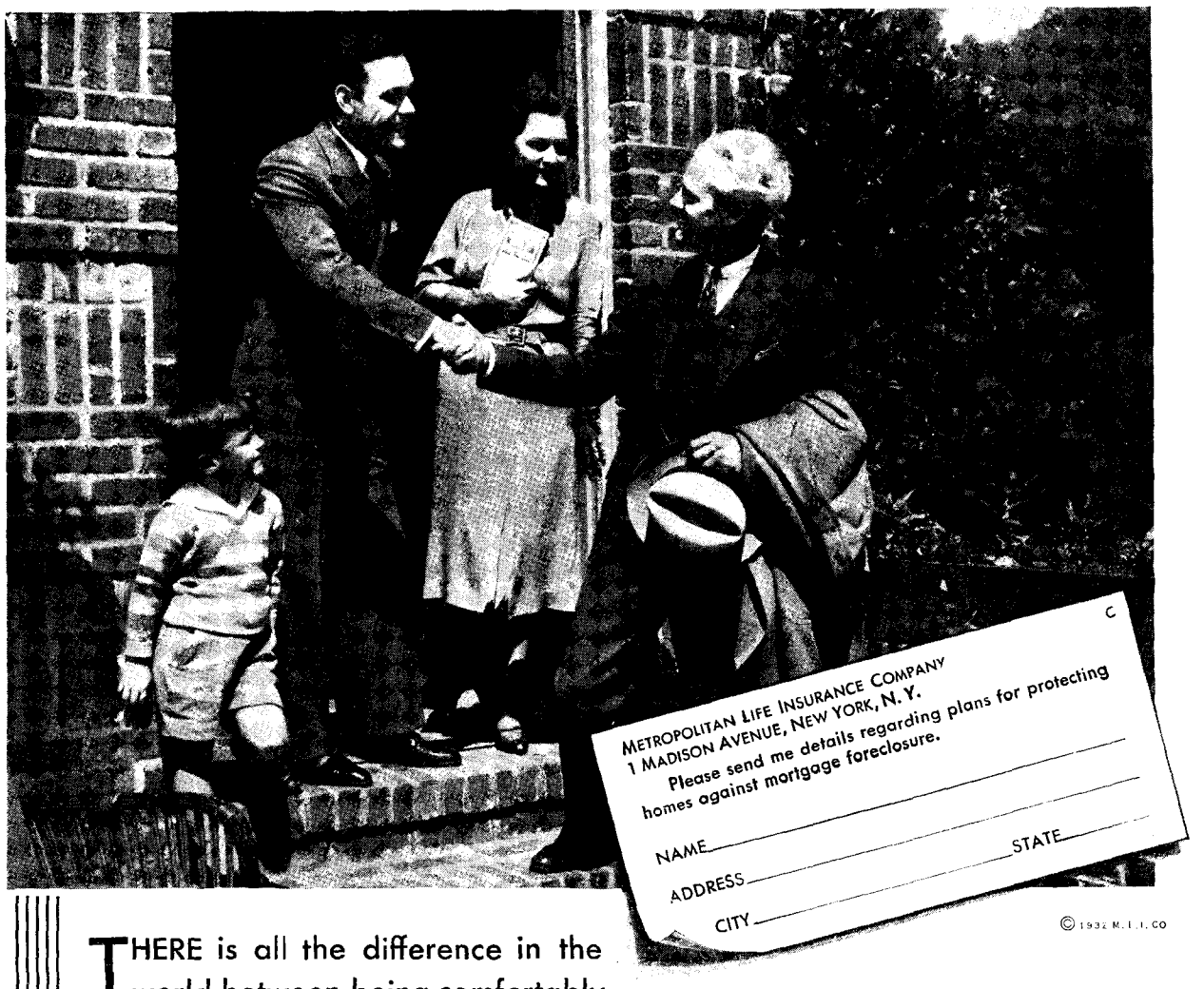

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The Girl who Made Good

Continued from page 34

that Stan Purcell is tight. Don't drive anywhere with him, will you?"

"Children, do *not* put beans in your noses!" said Judy. "I never thought of it, Kay—but I'll take it up with the traffic commissioner."

The dance was just ending when Stan cut in on her, and she looked at him thoughtfully. How did you tell if men were tight, anyway? He walked and talked properly—and all the older men always smelled of drinks! Maybe you told by driving with them . . .

"Let's go out and get some air," she suggested. "They say it's awfully fresh around here."

THEY wandered out toward the links. A frail young moon was like a silver scratch upon the sky, and the balm of Gilead trees beyond the first green clattered their leaves.

"And I was wondering if I could stick out this summer!" Stan said, tucking her arm through his. "Oh, Judy, you don't know what it's like at my house!"

"Like?" said Judy, sitting down on the bench at the first tee, a bench generally neglected by strolling couples since the lights of the clubhouse shone full upon it. "Animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"Grim," he told her. "Grisly. Elinor wanted a prince, and she got him, but why we have to have him fainting around the house—"

"Fainting!" interrupted Judy, with interest. "In coils?"

"What?" He shook his head. "And Mother's taken to writing poetry and reads it aloud all the time. And the old man— Oh, Judy, it's terrible!"

"You poor thing!" she murmured. "Tell me some more."

"What I mean is, it's grim," he went on. "Everyone moaning around—"

She patted his hand comfortingly. All Harfield knew that the Purcells were a little crazy: Elinor—now the princess—with her harassed eyes and Aubrey Beardsley robes, and Mrs. Purcell, who had once bought an ancient New England graveyard and flagged her dining-room with the old slate stones, inscription side up . . .

Stanton Purcell sat up straight—he had been sagging a little—and fixed Judy with a firm eye.

"I tell you what!" he said. "Let's us get married."

Judy jumped. "Wh-what?" she asked.

He nodded. "You said you wanted to," he reminded her. "I think it's a swell idea. The family will love it."

"Wh-whose family?" asked Judy.

"Mine, of course." He stood up, pulling her after him. "Come on!"

She hung back. "Wh-where?"

ONCE thoroughly roused, Stan Purcell was a man of action. "Greenwich, of course!" he said triumphantly. "People always go to Greenwich to get married!"

Judy shook her head. "No That's where they measure longitude from."

He was pulling her toward the parking space; she could see his beautiful roadster—and suddenly she recovered her tottering poise.

"Well, maybe you're right," she conceded. She looked up at him, slipping her arm through his, and smiling. "Am I cute?" she demanded.

He paused, knitting his brows. "Alluring!" he brought out triumphantly.

And William Abbott, M. D., rose from the running-board of Stan's car.

"Going somewhere?" he asked politely.

"If it isn't Dr. Abbott again!" exclaimed Judy. "What a coincidence!"

Bill bowed, unsmiling. "I believe this is our dance," he murmured.

"Judy and I," said Stanton Purcell, firmly, "are going to get married."

Bill Abbott blinked.

"Isn't it just too sweet?" she asked him. "I mean, isn't it just romantic, Bill?"

He looked at her morosely. "Oh, Lord," he said. "I might have known it would come to this!" He sighed deeply, a man with a painful duty before him. "Do you think you can drive yourself home, Purcell?"

Stan's eyes narrowed. "Say, what's the big idea, anyway?"

Bill smiled patiently and said nothing.

"Come on, Judy," said Stan, pushing Bill.

Bill let himself be pushed. "Maybe you'd better run back to the clubhouse and powder your nose, Judy," he suggested. "It's shiny."

"Are you trying to imply that I'm drunk?" demanded Stan, advancing. "Now, look here, Abbott—"

"There's going to be only one way out of this," said Bill, mournfully, shaking his head.

"You're asking for it!" Stan warned—and his fist shot out and didn't hit anything, and Bill's fist shot out and hit something, and there was Stanton Purcell lying on the grass at Judy's feet.

She gasped. "Bill Abbott, is that nice?" she cried.

"No," said Bill, in the same sad voice. "Dear me, no." He leaned over and slid his arm beneath the inert body of Stan Purcell. "Open the car door, Judy," he commanded wearily and, with surprisingly little effort, he lifted Stan up and deposited him on the seat.

"You've killed him!" gasped Judy, her eyes enormous.

"No," said Bill sadly. "No, indeed." Suddenly he laughed. He looked from the slumped figure in the roadster to Judy, pale and big-eyed, and he laughed and laughed.

"Bill—" said Judy nervously.

"Simple, girlish allure!" said Bill. Judy shrank back as he reached out and picked her up in his arms, carried her to his own car. "Shut up!" he said, as she started to protest. He got in beside her, backed out the car, and headed up the road.

"But, Bill—"

"Didn't I tell you to shut up?" he demanded.

He swung the car into a side road, a wooded road that led, not homeward but out toward the lake. In a few minutes he stopped, drawing the car off the road at the edge of a meadow; he turned off the ignition, looked at Judy and began to laugh again.

"Simple, girlish allure!" he repeated

Judy stared at him, and her lip quivered; suddenly she put her hand over her face and began to cry.

Bill was still laughing as he put his arm about her and drew her close, but his voice was very soft. "Darling!" he said. "Little Judy—"

She turned her head and looked up at him, her lips parted, her lashes wet with tears, and he bent down and kissed her.

THERE was a long interval in which neither of them said anything. Judy's arm crept up about Bill's neck and held him tightly.

"Gosh!" said Dr. Bill Abbott finally. "Why didn't I do that before?"

Judy could not answer right away.

"Gosh!" she said, when speech was again possible. "I didn't even dare to hope you'd do it so soon, Bill!"

He looked at her sharply. "What? How long have you been—hoping-young woman?"

Another interval . . . "Oh, about eighteen years," she answered frankly.

Time out . . . and then Bill spoke again. "Not so darned simple, at that," he murmured, his lips against her cheek.

Judy grinned. "But, oh, the allure," she said.

"Have it your own way," said Bill.

"It looks like it," sighed Judy, contentedly.

"But what in the world do you do for female companionship?"

Fred Neher

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WARNING to PROPERTY OWNERS

TODAY a letter came to my desk that deeply impressed me. It was written by a woman—the mother in a typical American family. Her little home had been saved from foreclosure by a coat of new paint, for which a part of their meager savings had been paid.

Those few gallons of fresh paint had so revived the appearance and enhanced the value of the property that the mortgagee had consented to renew the loan . . . and the little home was saved.

I could not help thinking of the *thousands* of homes and buildings that are shabby and unattractive today due to several years of neglected painting; of the millions of home owners who, because of reduced incomes and enforced economy, have been obliged to sacrifice painting for taxes, interest, assessments, to say nothing of food, clothing, heat and other essentials of comfort and health.

You have seen these paint-starved houses and buildings, as have I. They are everywhere about you. Perhaps your home is included.

Do you understand what they signify? Do you realize what will happen to wood or metal that is literally naked of paint if these houses and buildings face the attack of another season of rain, snow, ice, and frost?

Never in the history of our country has the situation been paralleled. Property owners face an added burden of expense amounting to millions of dollars *for repairs and replacements* next spring.

And the crisis, in my opinion, will be reached *this coming winter* when paint of four, five, and even six years exposure to the weather will be unable to resist the elements—when badly weathered wood and metal will be easy prey for rot, rust and decay.

Today the big question facing thousands of property owners is plain. It is *"paint or pay."* Either you must invest *a little* this fall in new paint or you must take the risk of paying many times the cost of paint to repair the damage done by rot, rust and decay this winter.

Even at the sacrifice of other things, have your house or buildings completely repainted now. No investment you can make will pay better dividends. And nothing you can buy will make you and your family *feel* so uplifted and cheerful.

If you cannot arrange to do a complete repainting job now, at least *give the badly weathered places a coat or two of protecting paint.*

Look especially, to the window sills, thresholds, outdoor porches and steps; the joints of porch railings and palings; the bases of pillars; the edges of eaves; the roof; the gutters and down spouts. These are the *vital spots* where water lodges—where ice and frost settle—where rot and rust attack first.

A few dollars' worth of good paint, applied now, will protect these vital spots—will tide you over this crucial winter. And it will probably save you a much greater expense for repairs and replacements next spring and summer.

Under existing conditions, you may be tempted to buy a cheap trashy paint because of its low price. I hope you will not make this costly mistake.

Even on sound lumber, inferior paint is a poor bargain. But on weathered wood, which is very porous, such paint is worse than useless. It gives you a false feeling of security and leaves you without protection.

Prices of well-known, established brands of paint are now the lowest in fifteen years. Enough good, dependable paint can be purchased for a few dollars to protect all the badly weathered surfaces on your building.

Again I repeat, do a complete job this fall if you can. But at least do the vital *exposed places* before it is *"too late."*

President
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

This message to the property owners of America is sponsored by the following paint manufacturers and their dealers

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Oct. 1, 1932

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A letter from KATHLEEN NORRIS

Editor of The American.

Dear Mr. Blossom,

As a story-teller I come of age this year, and I am treating myself to a sentimental moment in which to tell you that by a pleasant coincidence this year also marks my reappearance — not first appearance, but reappearance, in the pages of the blond old American.

When my husband and I were married, he had a modest editorial position on the magazine. Those were wonderful days — wonderful beginnings for all of us; Edna Ferber sent her first short story to the American, and there are on its lists scores of other new names that all the world knows now.

For me the thrilling moment of all was when the man of the family returned to his excited wife and Baby one evening with the news that Mr. Phillips had liked "Mother", and that I was to see my story in print in the American, and illustrated, too!

Believe me it was another happy moment when this same devoted agent, manager, adviser, fellow-author informed me a few weeks ago that once more the Editor of the American had liked a story of mine. Cloth: "Walls of Gold" I feel that I am coming home, coming home to old friends and to a family that loves me.

I hope you're half as happy about it!

Kathleen Norris.

"I WANT shows," Jimmy whispered, "and soft white coats, and head-waiters, and big cars steering down Broadway in the rain."

But her heart ached for the little nome Barnes offered her, the battle to make two ends meet, warm comradeship, love, babies . . . Which will she choose?

And what of Jimmy's own sister, Honey, also in love with Barnes; and Barnes' uncle, a wealthy old rounder who offers Jimmy *almost* everything?

"Walls of Gold" is the most glamorous novel Kathleen Norris has ever written, the unforgettable romance of a play girl with a great hunger in her heart.

Begin it now—one of 25 all-star features in the October American Magazine, now on sale. Or make sure you don't miss a single issue by ordering a whole year for only $2.50 . . . Address The American Magazine, Springfield, Ohio.

The American Magazine

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Old Average Lightning

Continued from page 23

Newman and Lightning. Instead of vague rumors bandied from hoe to hoe and repeated with variations at the house at night, the women had time to walk about the fields and see with their own eyes what was going on.

Widow Duck saw, with her own eyes, six women chopping in Newman's field, one day. They were not strange women from some mysterious far-off place, nor were they women from near-by plantations. They were, actually, the wives of the six men that Lightning had sent to the public works during the two years before Newman came to Little Bee Bend.

"Hit's a pyore sin and a shame," Widow Duck declared, "but God will change conditions. 'Blessed is de man which minds his own, but he which toils by day and rambles by night, let him abide therein.' So say de Sperrit."

B'R CHARLIE concurred. "Newman," he observed, "appears to be de handiwork of Satan in sheepskins. No wonder hit ain't rained since 'way last spring. No wonder de fish in de bayou is so easy to ketch to ev'ybody breakin' down wid de nettle rash f'm eatin' 'em. Satan has crope into we's midst and castin' his seeds among de feathers."

"I hyared tell," Widow Duck said cautiously, "dat Newman got a hawn and a tail, but I ain't put much stock in hit."

"Newman," corrected B'r Charlie, "ain't got no hawn and he ain't got no tail. Newman ain't Satan. He just de instrument er Satan."

"Den," queried Widow Duck, "whar at do Satan come cropin' in?"

B'r Charlie looked warily about him before replying. "Dat mule!" he whispered. "Lightnin' is pyore Satan in de flesh!"

Deep down in her soul, Widow Duck, like every other person on the place, had a warm affection for Lightning. He was the one thing that made Little Bee Bend famous all over the river bottoms. She hated to believe that he was anything more than simply the best mule in the country.

"Lightnin'," she said, "is jest old av'age mule."

"Old av'age devil," declared B'r Charlie. "Ev'y since he comed hyar, hit's been bad luck. Didn't Sis' Bathay die? Ain't six good men runned off and left dey womenfo'ks?"

"Bathay was kind er old," argued Widow Duck, "and Newman is takin' keer er de womens—"

"Lightnin'," B'r Charlie said sternly, "ain't a natchal mule. I lived wid mules ev' since before I was tall enough to put a bridle on one, and hit ain't never yit been bawned a natchal mule like Lightnin'. Quick as I seed dat mule I got a buck ague in my soul. But he couldn't git in much devilment by hisse'f, cause he was jest Satan in de flesh, which ain't natchal for Satan. Satan got to have a instrument to work wid, and Newman is dat instrument. Paul say, 'Wharfore ye instruments of Satan, sow ye tharfore yo' seeds in Sodom, but behold, I will come a day and hour which no man knoweth and curse ye wid fire and water.'"

Widow Duck, herself a ready quoter of the Word, quailed before such dazzling Scripture. "Amen," she said meekly. "God will change conditions."

The situation grew tense. The people on Little Bee Bend were God-fearing and humble. Each Sunday their bodies and souls were devoted unreservedly to worship. But they made cotton six days a week and they made cotton with mules. A good mule commanded their respect, and Lightning was a good mule. More than that, they took pride in the fact that Lightning was the best anywhere. It was a distinction to live on the plantation that had the best mule in the country, and that distinction, no matter how remote or indirect, lifted them above the Negroes on the adjoining places.

Quickly two camps of opinion formed. B'r Charlie insisted that Lightning was a fleshly manifestation of Satan sent to Little Bee Bend to stir up trouble among the God-fearing workers; and that both Lightning and Newman—as Satan and his instrument—should be run off the place.

Giles, whose soul was exhilarated by the expert plowing of Newman and the tireless activity of Lightning, held a more tolerant view. "Anything which is so odacious good," he reasoned, "is got to have a little bad mixed up in hit. Ain't dat a fack?"

"De devil do git in his handiwork," B'r Charlie conceded.

"Well," concluded Giles, "any mule which kin plow good as Lightnin' is bound to bring a little bad luck along, like old Bathay dyin' and dem niggers runnin' off."

"Efn you axed me," put in Uncle Henry, "I'd say hit was good ruddance, too. Bathay was two-tongued and—"

"Nobody axed you," Giles interrupted pointedly, and then resumed his reasoning: "And any nigger which kin step behind old Lightnin' like Newman do, is bound to have a little devilment mixed up in his hide, somewhars. Efn hit wa'n't somethin' wrong wid him, he'd be like too much sugar and not enough fat meat in de rations. So Newman do devilment around de women all de time he's doin' good in de field."

B'r Charlie sharpened two plow points before he made up his mind about it. In the first place, nobody ever argued with the foreman and, in the second place, the foreman's reasoning was irrefutable. Still, B'r Charlie was not convinced. He pretended great concentration upon his plow points, appearing to forget all about the argument. Then, when the second point was hammered to an edge, he remarked blandly: "We gonter pray for rain again, Sunday. We been prayin' for rain ev'y Sunday since away last spring, but maybe de good Lawd figgered we got so many good mules and good niggers dat we don't need no rain." And he began to hammer violently on another plow point.

THE inference was clear. It hadn't rained since early spring and the fields needed rain. That was an indisputable fact. The people had prayed for rain each Sunday for a long time, but God had sent no showers.

Giles waited until B'r Charlie's noisy hammering ceased, and then he squinted his eyes at the blacksmith. "Nigger," he said, in tones that were as harsh as the sound of hammer on iron, "you pray for rain, and you git rain!" And he turned on his heel and left the shop.

B'r Charlie was beside himself with confusion. He knew he could pray for rain, but he lacked faith in his ability to get it. And he knew that prayer without faith would "neither move a mountain nor wash away a mustard seed."

He turned desperately to Uncle Henry. "I ain't got no faith so long as dat Newman and Lightnin's in de land," he protested. "I kin pray to my tongue

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

drap out, but long as Newman is shadin' my soul, de Lawd ain't gonter pay me no mind."

Uncle Henry shrugged his disinterest in Charlie's plight. "You know, B'r Charlie," he mused, "I ain't never yit seed a daid one-legged nigger. I reckon de Lawd kin handle de business er gittin' yo' yuther leg spliced back on at de resurrection."

"Don't tawk like dat," begged B'r Charlie, "I got trouble enough widout you tawkin' like dat."

"I ain't said *nothin'*," Uncle Henry protested innocently. "I jest was wonderin' whar I left my omber-rella at. Hit's bound to come in handy, keepin' de rain offn my haid when I'm feedin' de stock, or shadin' me f'm de sun at de funeral."

CHARLIE did not wait to finish the plow point. He crutched down the road faster than he had walked in years. There was no idea in his mind but there was desperation in his soul.

"Widow Duck!" he shouted, as he passed the bayou bank where she was fishing. "Go home and shet up yo' chickens, 'cause hit's fixin' to rain!"

Widow Duck eyed the sky doubtfully. "De Lawd," she observed, "speaks wid de tongues er men, but I ain't never yit hyared tell er a one-laigged prophet prophetin' de weather straight. Hit ain't a cloud in de sky, B'r Charlie, and you prophetin' rain! I don't believe de Lawd got hit in Him to make rain widout no clouds."

"Me neither," said Charlie, "and I don't b'lieve de Lawd gonter roll up a cloud so long as Satan and his instrument is plowin' cotton on dis place, but I tell you, Widow Duck, hit's gonter rain!"

"How come?" Widow Duck wanted to know.

"I don't know how come," Charlie admitted, "only hits jest natchally *got* to rain."

He related in detail his conversation with Giles, and the widow agreed with him that nothing short of a good, heavy rain would do.

"I done prayed and prayed," B'r Charlie recalled, "to I'm tired er listenin' my ownse'f, let alone de Lawd."

"Me, too," declared Widow Duck. "I prayed myse'f knee-weary, and hit ain't brought a drap."

"And ev'ybody else prayed, too," added Charlie.

"Ev'ybody else," the widow confirmed. Then she suddenly remembered. "Ev'ybody else but Newman!"

Charlie's mouth fell open. "Newman!" he repeated.

"Newman had ought to pray," said Widow Duck. "His field need rain same as we's."

B'r Charlie's doubts rose immediately. Newman was an instrument of Satan and though his prayers might be worthless—

"Ain't no harm in tryin' him," urged Widow Duck. "Ain't nothin' else done no good, and hit ain't doin' no harm to ax him."

Charlie agreed and he and Widow Duck went to Newman's field. Six women were hoeing in various patches of the field and Newman and Lightning were in the center, raising a high dust as they stepped down the middles.

Charlie and Widow Duck came to the end of the row and waited for Newman. He drove up, turned and placed his mule and plow in the next row with one swift, expert maneuver.

"Whoa, Lightnin'!" he commanded in his high-pitched voice. "Hy-dy, Widow Duck? And you, B'r Charlie?"

"Tol'able," said Widow Duck. "And you?"

"Purty good," said Newman.

"Kind er hot today," observed Widow Duck. "And old Lightnin' ain't got up a sweat hardly."

Newman laughed. "Take mo'n a double shovel to sweat dat mule," he said proudly. "He a mule outn de world. Nothin' shawt er a pyore rain kin wet him."

Widow Duck looked casually over the field. "You needin' a little rain, too, ain't you, son?" she asked.

"Do I need rain!" exclaimed Newman. "Lawd, woman, I been draggin' de dust back and yonder in dis cotton so long dat I fergits what rain looks like! Sho' I needs rain."

Widow Duck had made Newman say exactly what she wanted to hear. "Us prayed for rain, Sunday, but I didn't see you amongst de grovvelers."

Newman laughed guiltily. "I ain't so much on de prayin'," he apologized. "I been too busy workin' hard all er my life to do much prayin'."

"But you done a little?" suggested Widow Duck.

"Yeah, I used to pray a little," Newman admitted. "But I sort er got out er de habit—"

"You ain't agin prayin', is you?"

"Naw," said Newman, "I ain't never seed no harm come f'm hit, and I do reckon a heap er good come f'm hit, efn you puts yo' mind on hit—"

"Won't you git down on yo' knees, right now, and pray for some rain, den?" Widow Duck begged.

Newman hesitated. "Hit won't do no good," he objected, "and I ain't got de words."

"Git on yo' knees, son, and I'll give you de words."

Newman obeyed, and Widow Duck outlined a simple supplication which Newman repeated, word for word.

From then on, every man and woman on Little Bee Bend had a different version of what followed.

Widow Duck declared later that while Newman bowed in prayer Lightning closed his eyes and lowered his head reverently. Charlie insisted that horns sprouted on Lightning's head and his bushy tail divided into two tails.

At any rate, before Widow Duck and Charlie got back to the barn, a black funnel-shaped cloud dropped from the clear sky and whirled across the fields, wrecking fences, trees and cotton. A prolonged, quivering stream of forked lightning licked down out of the heavens and seared the earth. Deafening claps of thunder tumbled and rumbled after each other. And the rain fell in sheets.

A drenching blast whipped across the parched land like a curtain. Blinding streaks of lightning and roaring thunder claps followed, and then another sheet of wind-driven water.

Men and mules quitted the fields and raced to the barn for shelter. For two solid hours lightning, thunder and wind accompanied the soaking rain. Then the elements settled to a steady downpour. It rained the rest of that day, all night and until noon of the next day.

AS SUDDENLY as it had started, the rain stopped, and the sun came out.

But there was water! The land was drenched, water stood in the middles in the field, and water filled the ditches leading to the bayou. The bayou itself was bank-full and moving angrily toward the river. It was, as Giles himself admitted, "a rain outn de world." There was enough moisture in the ground now to make two cotton crops, if needed. The seasonal weather worries were over.

And then: "Whar Newman and Lightnin' at?"

Uncle Henry asked the question. "Dey didn't come to de lot, yistiddy, when de rain started," he explained.

There were sixty-four adults and ninety-three children old enough to talk, on Little Bee Bend, and each of them, adult and child, had a positive explanation as to what had happened to Newman and Lightnin'. No two explanations agreed in details.

B'r Charlie was loud in declaring that he had witnessed with his own two eyes the miraculous end to the devil-in-the-flesh and his instrument on Little Bee Bend.

"I seed," he declared over and over again, "a hole open up in de yearth. And I looked down dat hole wid dese two eyes God give me. And what did I see? I seed Newman and Lightnin' and dat old double shovel, plowin' through de writhin' souls in de pits er torment!"

Widow Duck was equally positive that she had witnessed—not with her own two eyes but with the eyes of her soul—a no less spectacular ending for the spectacular team.

"I seed in my soul," she stated, "de good Lawd Hisse'f th'ow open de gates er Glory and call on Newman and Lightnin'. 'Son,' de Lawd told 'em, 'whosoever bows dey knee in a dusty field, let him abide in Glory. So sprout wings, little chillun, and come unto me. Lightnin', you climb up on dis streak er forked lightnin' jest like hit was a cotton middle and tread to Glory. Newman, son, hold de plow stiddy, and step along wid yo' mule.' Dat's jest what de Lawd told 'em, and old Newman and Lightnin' went wawkin' up to Glory like a child er God."

OF THE six women who were actually in the field with Lightning, five of them told different stories. The sixth woman disappeared as mysteriously and as completely as did Newman and Lightning.

Giles said nothing. He walked to the field to see for himself. The rain had flattened the furrows so that it was impossible to tell exactly where Newman and his mule were when the bolt struck, but Giles selected several probable locations, and then walked in the direction the wind had blown. Each time he came directly to the bank of the bayou, which on the second day after the rain was still filled with angry water swirling toward the river.

The foreman studied the surface of the water for an answer to the riddle. The bayou was muddy brown and foaming. Débris of all kinds—parts of houses that had been blown down, branches of trees snapped off by the wind—swam the surface. Downstream a little way the carcass of a cow that had been drowned was lodged against a willow. Buzzards hovered close by. Giles walked downstream.

As he approached the drowned cow, there was a lazy scuffle in the water.

"Alligators," he commented aloud. "Didn't figger dey'd make hit up so soon." He made a mental note to spread the word to keep the children away from the bayou until the water went down.

He stood and watched for a minute longer and then to himself he said: "Well, hit ain't no use standin' hyar huntin' for Newman and Lightnin' wid de alligators already in de bayou." And he returned to the barn completely satisfied in his own mind as to what had happened to the man and mule.

The argument still continues on Little Bee Bend plantation. B'r Charlie, Widow Duck and Giles each has a group of followers. Each disciple has his own variation and each is as positive as the other that his theory of the mysterious disappearance is absolutely correct. Even when the story was circulated a year or two later that a strange man, woman and mule were rent-farming up in the hills, no one tried to connect the rumor with Newman, Lightning and the cotton-chopper. No one doubts his own version of the affair enough to trouble.

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Against the Crowd

Continued from page 11

Murdock, maker of the Murdock Bearing and Axle and originally a blacksmith, and never one to hedge around, overtook Sam West after he had posted his score and had started alone up the graveled pathway.

"Fine game you played. I was following you around. Murdock's my name." He extended his hand. "Seems to me that both of us could use a drink. How about it?"

Then young Sam West was grinning and saying, "West's my name. Sam West."

"Followed you for a while yesterday," said old Frank, "and all the way around today. Glad you won. My house is over on the second fairway, and we can walk right across to it. . . ."

THEY crossed the lawn and entered through a side door into a small room of paneled oak with deep-cushioned leather chairs.

"Just you sit down a minute and I'll see what I can do about these drinks. Always can do it better myself than having any of that kitchen crowd do it."

Young Sam West sank into a big chair, and relaxed, and smiled to himself, and slowly looked around the room. Then got to his feet and began walking about looking at the pictures, the while humming a little tune.

Footsteps sounded outside. And then a young woman was in the doorway; was in the room . . . and Alicia Murdock had stopped short, and was staring at Sam West, and Sam West was staring at Alicia Murdock.

Sam West, staring at a tall, willowy, blue-eyed girl with an aureole of golden-red ringlets and a small, brimless hat on the back of her head. Alicia Murdock, staring at a six-foot, wide-shouldered young man with deep-set brown eyes and a square jaw. But if either noticed anything except the other's eyes, while their look held, it was only when they thought back, later. Now, in that long instant, it was eyes meeting eyes; meeting, looking; looking through . . . and Sam West, looking through, saw the real Alicia Murdock; saw, breathlessly, for a fleeting second . . . and then, like the closing of a door, what he saw was gone, and he found himself staring at a cool young person with uptilted chin and quick question in every line.

And then, somehow, old Frank Murdock was in the room, carrying a tray with bottles and glasses, and was speaking—hastening out words.

"Why, hello, hello, Alicia. So you two young people have met. . . . No? . . . Alicia, this is Sam West . . . Alicia—my granddaughter. And . . . have the other young people come? That's just fine! West and I were going to have a drink in here, but you just take him along with you and . . ."

By the tiniest motion of head and hands Alicia Murdock made involuntary gesture; a gesture of negation, gone almost as soon as it had come. But . . . enough.

Swiftly did big Sam West find words.

"That's mighty fine of you, Mr. Murdock, but . . . honestly I'd feel more at home in here. And I can't stay long. There are some things that I've got to attend to . . . Thank you just the same." He was bowing at Alicia Murdock, she was bowing at him. . . . She was gone.

At breakfast the next morning Frank Murdock, over his coffee, covertly studied a preoccupied granddaughter, then made an offhand statement as his eyes ran down the day's list of the championship pairings.

"Hmm. I see where he's going to play against Juggy Jarvis this morning."

There was no reply from across the table.

"And against Stotesbury Pickard this afternoon," went on old Frank. "That is, if Juggy doesn't lick him this morning. And since Juggy might, I guess I'd better be getting along to see him play while I can." He rose from the table.

Granddaughter Alicia also arose.

"Where are you going?" asked her grandfather.

"With you," she answered shortly.

Frank Murdock and Alicia didn't see Juggy Jarvis lick Sam West that morning; and that afternoon, in a growing gallery, they didn't see Stotesbury Pickard lick him, either. But they did hear the bright young men and the brighter young women, happy familiars of Juggy Jarvis and Stotesbury Pickard, ask with increasing querulousness:

"Say, can't *anybody* stop that Sam West—whoever he is?"

Apparently nobody could stop him, whoever he was . . . and conjecture mounted as to whoever he might be. I found answer in the next day's papers telling of the onward sweep of a young fellow named Sam West, owner of a garage in a small town over in the Valley.

"Dog-gone," cried a reading Frank Murdock, "I knew he came by those arms and hands honestly!"

"Garage owner!" said Alicia Murdock.

"Your grandfather," said Frank Murdock, "started with a blacksmith shop." There was a pause. "Well," he went on, "let's get out there and see who tries to take him today."

There was much trying but no success. Sam West went striding forward.

"He can't keep this up," said the wiseacres. "He'll crack. Playing away over his head the way he is, any little thing can set him off, and once he goes, watch him blow!"

To their grievous disappointment, he didn't blow. He went into the finals. Went in against T. Parker Munn himself—T. Parker, cool, reserved, the inner-sanctum idol of the bright young people.

"Now!" they cried. "T. Parker, go get him!"

T. Parker went, and all that morning Sam West held him even; staved off every rally, showed no concern when T. Parker, counseled and seconded and steadied by a caddie who knew the course like the palm of his own hand, took and took and took his time.

ON THE first hole of the afternoon, in a puffing, rising wind, Sam West launched his attack. Won the first hole; won the second. Putted for a long, winning birdie at the third, saw his ball rim the cup, spin and start to roll away. And shrill above the tense, packed gallery rose a voice, vibrant, high-pitched, jubilant—a voice of one of the bright young people breaking under the strain:

"Good! *Good!*"

The gallery gasped . . . broke into words.

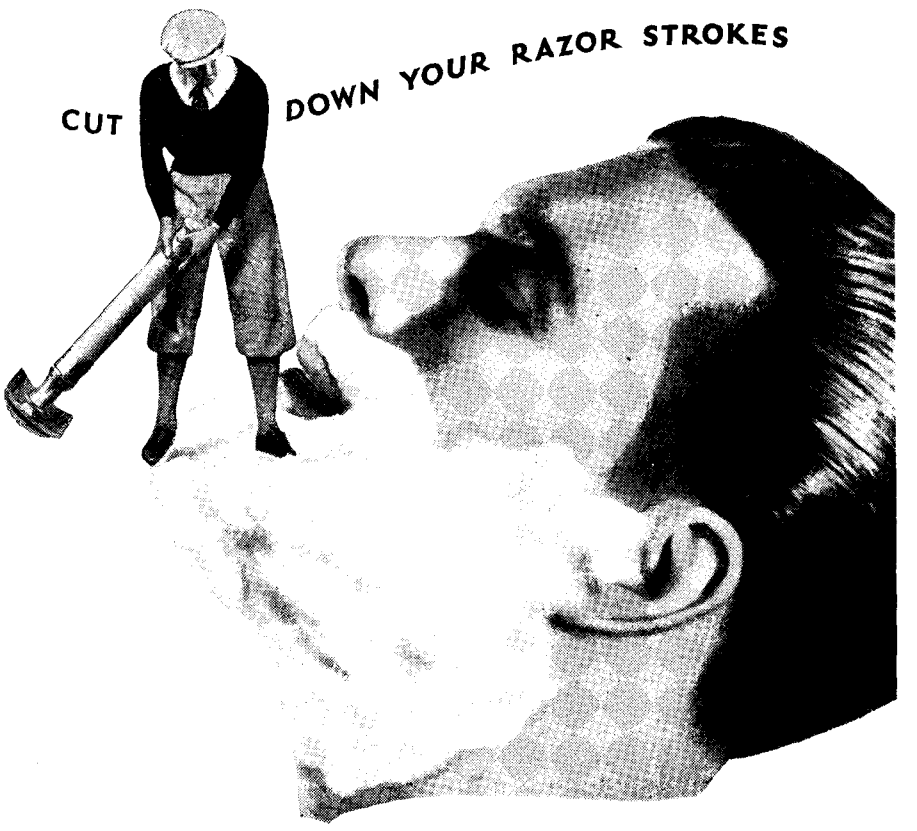
"Silence! *Silence!*" commanded the gallery marshal.

Silence fell—froze.

Sam West, who had involuntarily looked up at the cry, met the eyes . . . of a girl. Alicia Murdock. And Sam West's head went back—ever so slightly, but back—and then Sam West, face like flint, was regarding the green.

T. Parker Munn putted . . . down. Sam West stirred himself; set himself;

(Continued on page 42)



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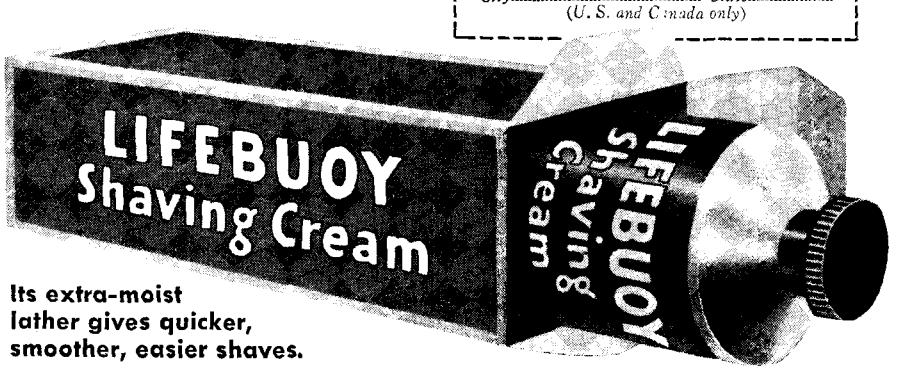

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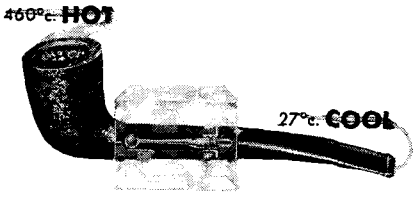

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(Continued from page 41)

putted . . . and missed. Putted again . . . and missed. Lost the hole.

Niagara-like, the gallery boiled on to the next tee, feet pounding, tongues at clack . . .

Sam West lost the next hole, and the next.

"What did I tell you?" demanded the vindicated wiseacres. "Blown—gone!"

A wide-shouldered, powerful old man, face white, jaw set, eyes blazing, felt his sleeve tugged, and turned to look into the eyes of a girl. . . . His granddaughter. The granddaughter's hands were trembling, her teeth were set upon her lower lip.

"Oh," cried Alicia Murdock, "can't you . . . can't you do something?"

Old Frank Murdock opened and closed hands that had once been a blacksmith's, and he looked toward a group of chortling young people.

"He . . . he looked right at me, and he thought that I did it," said Alicia. "He was winning, and now . . ."

Sam West lost another hole.

"We've *got* to do something!" Alicia almost whimpered the words. "If he could only get back onto his game! If that dumb caddie of his would only help him; only talk to him and slow him down. If only . . ."

And then Alicia Murdock had drawn in her breath with a quick gasp, and her eyes had gone very wide, and the hand—the hands—that she put on her grandfather's arm had taken on a grip of steel.

"Listen! You can do it. You know the course; know it better than anybody. You can go in and carry his clubs—there's no rule against it—you can go in and carry his clubs, and you can talk to him . . . he'll listen to you. . . . *Will* you pay attention?"

Frank Murdock paid attention. In a moment he was striding alongside the red-jacketed golf referee, was talking to him, was driving home words with a great arm that went up and down. And:

"Why, I don't see why not," a more than dazed referee was finally saying. "Why . . . certainly, Mr. Murdock. Absolutely. Quite within your rights. . . . But . . . but *you* carrying a bag. . . ."

"Huh!" snorted old Frank Murdock, and "Gangway!" he said, and shoved through the crowd.

OUT upon the tee of the short seventh hole—the famous ocean hole, whose trapped green lay on a rocky bench just above roaring, thundering waters; whose tee, high on a cliff, looked down across a wilderness of sloping sand—out upon this tee stepped an old man with the stride of youth, came to where Sam West's open-mouthed, adenoidal caddie stood looking at nothing, and thrust a bill into his hand.

"Here, bub," said Frank Murdock. "Somebody else is going to pack your bag. This ought to cover it, and—"

"Gee!" said the caddie, regarding, and continuing to regard the bill.

Over to Sam West, who stood staring seaward as the victorious T. Parker made ready to drive, stepped the bag-carrying Frank Murdock.

"You and I," said Frank Murdock, now beside him, "if you'll let me . . . we'll fight this thing out together."

Sam West wheeled . . . looked in unbelief.

"You and I," went on Frank Murdock, "against the whole damned gang!"

Again Sam West stared at him; and then Sam West was gripping him by the hand. "Say!" said Sam West.

"Fine!" said Frank Murdock. And then, in a half-tone: "Watch 'em; watch Munn and his caddie, still talking about what to do. They'd better, on this hole. This hole, and this wind . . . wind as twisty here as a corkscrew and as treacherous as a . . . Watch!" and he clutched Sam West's arm. "Going to use a mashie niblick. Fatal if . . ."

T. Parker Munn took stance, looked at the flag on the green below—a flag that at that moment hung barely fluttering on its pin. He swung. And as he swung, the wind, as though it had been waiting under the rocky bench below, rose and flung itself. And the Munn ball, high and dropping down, was swept aside to land full and heavy, just off the rough-edged green, in a shallow trap.

Voices from the gallery on the hillside; a grunt from Frank Murdock, holding the bag.

"Told you! Now!" And he reached in the bag; reached, and he watched the wilder and wilder thrashing of the flag. "Only one club, now, with this wind. Putter. Run it, full and hard, all the way down across this flat trap, right to the green. Go get him!"

SAM WEST drew in his breath; drew it in again . . . and then he had seized the putter and was at the markers. He swung.

A groan from those of the gallery who did not like to see a tobogganing Sam West so utterly miss another shot—and the ball continued speeding down across the sand . . . hopped over the apron of the green . . . went rolling on . . . on . . . on toward the cup.

"Luck!" said a hundred. "Missed it entirely, and . . ." And then the gallery began to take in the new bag carrier walking beside Sam West. To take in . . . to ejaculate . . . to cry out: "Say, what the hell . . . Why, look; look who's . . . Old Frank Murdock . . . Guess I know—old Frank Murdock, the automobile Murdock, carrying . . . Well, I'll be . . . What'd you suppose . . ."

"Fore!" cried the gallery marshal, and thrashed his arms. "Stand, please. *Silence!*"

T. Parker Munn settled himself to the task of pitching out . . . pitched out, almost to the cup.

"Not bad," said Frank Murdock to Sam West. "Not good enough, either. Now, just tell yourself that this ball of yours is already in the hole—and then go hit it into the hole. . . . There! Told you. Boy," and he grinned at Sam West as they went toward the next tee, "this match may have to go for forty holes but . . . right this minute it's already in the bag!"

On the tee of the two-hundred-yard seventeenth hole, Sam West nailed a drive to within ten feet of the pin. A harried T. Parker Munn, one down, hooked two drives into the sea, was short on his third, pitched past the green . . . and walked over to where Sam West stood; walked, with outstretched hand.

Sam West, Champion. . . .

"It was you, it was you!" Sam West said again and again to Frank Murdock, when the news photographers had finished, when the crowd had left off clapping him on the back.

"It was not!" retorted a radiant Frank Murdock. "From the time you got him all even at the thirteenth, you were on your own. I didn't say a word."

Then Frank Murdock, eyes seeking through the crowd, started away.

"Hey!" cried the new champion.

"I'll be back!" said old Frank.

The new champion, flanked by golf officials, trailed by those who follow champions, began to go along the eighteenth fairway toward the clubhouse for the ceremony of being presented the tall, historic cup.

"Hi—hi, Sam!" cried a voice from off at one side.

Sam West looked, saw a Frank Murdock who was tugging by an arm a young woman of blue eyes and golden-red hair; a young woman whose cheeks were flushed, whose manner was that of one who has been caught trying to get away somewhere.

"Here's somebody else who wants to congratulate the new champion," beamed Frank Murdock.

THE new champion took quick breath through opened mouth; started to smile . . . then the smile fell away, and his face became a mask.

"Listen," said Frank Murdock, now beside him. "Alicia here has something she wants to tell you."

"Oh," said Sam West, quickly, "I didn't mind what happened that time! It's . . . all forgotten."

"Forgotten?" exploded Frank Murdock. "Think I'm going to let you forget who made me carry your hundred pounds of golf clubs?"

"Who . . . did *what?*" The mask was no longer on Sam West's face.

"I guess I ought to know," said Frank Murdock. "But this is no time for arguments. After they give you that cup, there's going to be a whooping big bang at the clubhouse, and, you know, the champion can invite . . ." and old Frank Murdock looked hard at the champion . . . "he can invite people. . . ."

Enlightenment fell upon Sam West. He put eyes full upon Alicia Murdock.

"Would you . . ."

Alicia Murdock gave a free, bubbling laugh.

"The Murdocks," she said, "the Murdocks like nothing better than going to whooping big bangs!"

"Adolph? Oh, he's playing the piccolo!" *Frank Owen*

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Satan's Teardrops

Continued from page 17

Moran was disposed of and the pearls no longer needed as evidence.

Certainly Moran was getting a taste of Satan's teardrops. The blooming idiot wanted to outwit a fence who had been handling hot stuff for years and had never yet made a slip-up. Still, this line of thought brought no cheer to Wolfer. If he hadn't started at such a low figure with Moran he might have had the rope before the two detectives pounced on it.

The fiery fumes from the little crystal bottle on the table filled the small office. Coughing and sneezing, Wolfer was finally driven into the street for fresh air. He trotted over to the brownstone house and passed it. Everything was quiet. He started back for his office. Passing a news-stand, he glanced at the late papers for a free snatch of news about Moran's arrest and the recovery of the pearls. There was nothing on the front page of the sporting finals about the pinch or the pearls and that's where the big news would be splashed. From his office he phoned the information clerk at Headquarters and learned that a bird named Moran had been jugged for having burglars' tools in his possession.

Even more swiftly than his short legs had carried him away from the heart-breaking sight of the detectives hauling in Moran they hurried him back to the brownstone house. There was nothing to it now. Only about twenty or thirty minutes had elapsed between the time Swifty went into the house with the pearls and the entry of Sardo and Minifee. They hadn't found the pearls. No thief would throw stuff like that out a window. Moran hadn't come out of the house after he slammed the door on the fence's last offer. The rope must be cached in the room.

Wolfer saw great possibilities.

Moran seemed to be crestfallen and penitent when the judge rolled him out a sentence of not less than two and not more than seven years in the Big House.

But in his cell up the river he grinned. There he was, in his room, the pearls salted away and worrying if he could live in the same room with that big swag and not be tempted to take it out and peddle it for any old price; and then thinking about doing a lot of cheap little jobs to keep him in dough till he broke out the pearls and put them on the market.

And here he was a lap away from the Big House with room and board free and the white-washed walls so wide and high that he couldn't get to the pearls if he was dying. And two years to go. Just like a vacation. At the end of the minimum of two years, if he behaved well, and he'd be the best little prisoner they ever had—he'd get a parole. When he got out, the pearls would still be in the mantelpiece waiting for him.

ON HIS hurried trip to the old brownstone, after learning that the pearls were not involved in Moran's arrest, Wolfer tried to rent Moran's room. The quaint-faced landlady had no vacancies. But, with Moran salted for two to seven years, the fence went back and was shown into the room.

Moran's duds were still there. The landlady started to pick them up. Wolfer told her not to hurry about that; he wanted to wash up and go right out. She could take care of Moran's belongings later. Then he handed her a month's rent in advance. She was quite overcome by this windfall and, smiling, she stepped to the mantelpiece, ran a hand along the smooth white shelf and, holding it palm up, remarked that if he found a speck of dust in her house it would give her heart failure.

Alone, with the door locked, Wolfer experienced the delightful sensation of knowing he was in the presence of a great gob of pearls, though unable to see them. He made quick work of searching Moran's clothes and an old spineless traveling bag he had left behind. He really didn't expect to find the swag in these. More likely they were cached in the bed or an old morris chair near the window. But it was a cinch the pearls wouldn't be hidden in any movable object. An experienced hand at cold-storage swag wouldn't pick such places. He began tapping the woodwork and treading the floorboards for signs of a loose section or a secret door. Nothing seemed to have a hollow feel or sound. Everything he touched had been in place for years.

PRESENTLY the beads of sweat increased in size and number. He was in a terrible fret. Unless he found the hiding place at once Moran might send an emissary to the room to pick up the pearls. Tapping and feeling hadn't revealed the swag. There was only one way to make a thorough, systematic search and that was to rip out the woodwork. Another quick move would have to be made, and so, when he hurried out to a hardware store, he bought a hammer, a steel pry-bar and a double-action spring lock.

With his own hands he attached the lock to the door. He was satisfied that it would bar any emissary Moran might send, and also keep the landlady from snooping around when he was out. He took off his coat and with pry-bar went after the white colonial mantelpiece. His first effort with the bar produced a loud squeak, a wooden dowel complaining against being disturbed after so many years of honorable and faultless service. Then he hit the bar with a hammer.

In an instant there were raps on his door, then violent pounding. He threw the tools under the bed and opened the door slightly. The landlady pressed in. Instantly her eyes fell upon her treasured mantelpiece. There was the mark of the pry-bar on the plaster and the mantelpiece was slightly awry. She turned and glared at Wolfer.

"I saw bedbugs in there and I was trying to scare them out," said Wolfer.

She dug into a pocket of her apron and drew out the bills he had given her —a month's rent in advance. She threw them at him and he, adept at catching anything like that, didn't miss them.

"There's your money back," she cried. "Now scat, and if you don't get out at once I'll have the police put you out." She turned to the mantelpiece. "The idea," she clucked. "You low-down vandal."

Wolfer would not have departed so quickly and without protest had she not mentioned the police.

A few days later he tried sending a boy to rent the room so that he might still have control of it. The boy came back with the gloomy announcement that the lady didn't rent rooms any more to anybody. He sent other emissaries, a girl twice, but he got the same bad news. He tried to lease the basement, any floor that she would lease but the real estate broker he sent to see the landlady returned with the report that the woman wouldn't listen to his offer to lease any part of the house or all of

(Continued on page 44)

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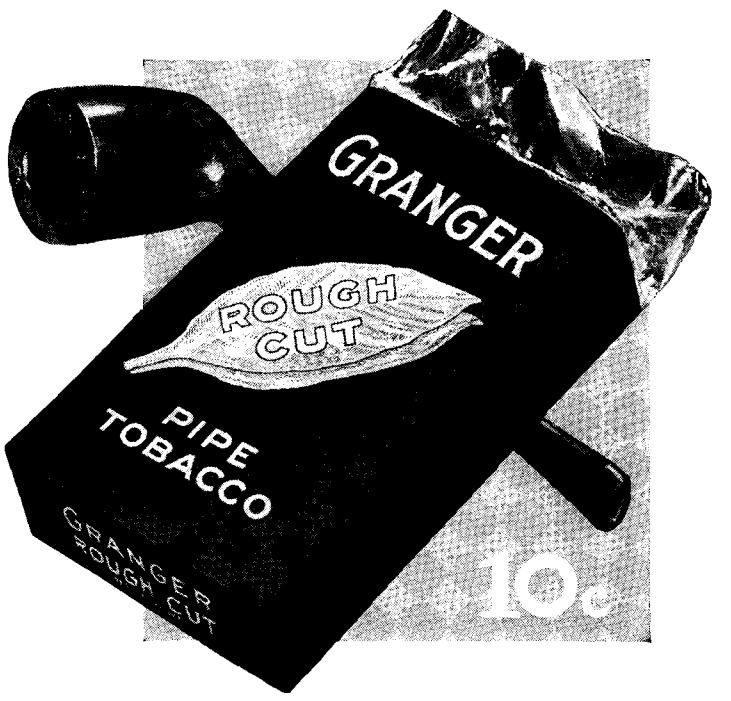

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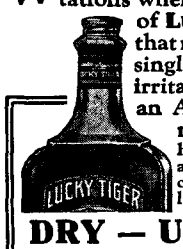

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(Continued from page 43)

it. Wolfer took a deep inhalation of the smelling salts and motioned the broker to sit down.

"What's that old dump worth?" he asked, screwing his eyes.

"Not a dime more than twelve thousand," said the broker. "I asked her if she'd sell. She wants twenty-eight thousand, all cash. Can you imagine that?"

Wolfer grinned. If he was to get the pearls, he said to himself, he could afford to buy the house and still make a handsome clean-up on the pearls. "Go back and offer her twenty-five," he said, "and if she don't bite at that, sign her up at twenty-eight."

"It's a white elephant, at that," said the broker.

"You think it is, but I don't," grinned Wolfer. "I go by instinct. You go by rule. If I played your game I'd starve. If you played mine you'd probably lose your shirt. Trot down now and sew her up."

When the broker was gone Wolfer treated himself to a speckled perfecto and then sat with his hands clasped over his bulging stomach. Pretty soon the small room was blue with his cigar smoke but even when it was thickest his two eyes gleamed and twinkled with the fire of triumph.

IT WAS six o'clock on a crisp fall morning when the principal keeper handed Moran his going-out clothes and gave him a ten-dollar bill. Half of the ten-dollar bill went for the taxi to carry him back to town. This left him with only five, but it would be a matter of only forty-eight hours and his pockets would be stuffed with fresh paper money.

As the taxi curved into Columbia Square, only a few blocks from the old brownstone, Swifty spotted a sixteen-cylinder, cream-colored sportster in a show window. He didn't know they were putting out sixteen-cylinder busses. He ordered the driver to draw up to the curb. Swifty darted into the salesroom. He didn't bat an eye when the salesman quoted him nine thousand four hundred dollars for the sportster without any extras. The only thing now standing between him and the car was the simple formality of getting and paying down the money.

Half a block from the old brownstone, Swifty suddenly reminded himself that he ought to have something safe to carry his swag in. First he thought of a fine new pigskin bag. But he quickly blotted that idea out. His face was bronzed; his hands calloused where pick and shovel in the Big House had left their marks. He had on the bum shoddy, too. This make-up wouldn't harmonize at all with a slick new pigskin bag. Dicks would recognize him, see the shoddy, then the new bag and conclude at once that he ought at least to be frisked.

He ordered the taxi to stop again, this time in front of a novelty store. He got out and looked in the window and then pushed into the store. He came out with a light blue tin dinner pail with a rounded roof for a thermos bottle for coffee or tea. The pail was more in tune with his make-up and the thermos bottle was just the place to carry the pearls.

The taxi swung into the curb in front of the old brownstone.

Swifty was too thoroughly occupied with his old home to observe the taxi. He didn't bother to notice whether it had moved on. The old place was the same. About the only difference he could observe was a big round spot on the front of the house where the red sandstone plaster facing had fallen away, exposing bare bricks. He kept looking at this bare spot as he went up the stairway. It brought Wolfer to mind; rather it brought to mind the old gag about Satan's teardrops that the fence had pulled to scare him into taking a lousy ten grand for his swag.

The thing about the bare space that reminded him of this was its odd shape. It looked like the profile of a devil; had horns sticking out at the top; then a long nose, while at the bottom, where a chin would be on a man's profile, there was a projection like a sharp-pointed beard. He was laughing aloud when he rang the doorbell. Yeah, the fat cheapskate Wolfer. Tried to scare him with that old gag and here he was within a few minutes of putting his hands on the grand swag.

HE GAVE a gasp when the door was opened by a young woman and not by his quaint-faced landlady. It was just a momentary fright. All he wanted was a few minutes in his old room; one quick crack at the mantelpiece. In an instant he was glad the old landlady hadn't come to the door, for she might have slammed it in his face, knowing where he had just come from.

The young woman smiled at him.

"I used to live here," he said. "About two years ago." He held up his dinner pail. "I've got a job near here now," he went on, "and I'd like to get back my old room."

She opened the door wide. "What room did you have?" she asked, as he stepped in.

Swifty pointed up the stairs. "Second floor, back," he grinned.

"It's vacant," she said, "but it's five a week now instead of three!"

Swifty didn't bother to reply. He was impatient. He was halfway up the stairs when the young woman took her first step.

He tried the door of his old room. It was locked. His nerves crackled as he impatiently watched the young woman search her ring of keys. Finally she found the right one and inserted it in the lock. As she was turning it she remarked that it was unusual to have the room empty. It was the most popular room in the house. So many people *came asking for it.*

"Yeah, it's nice and quiet," said Swifty, as he gave the door a sudden push and opened it wide. He plunged in, then halted abruptly. "Say, this ain't the room I had!" he cried

"It must be," she said.

"It can't be," Swifty insisted.

"Of course, it's been done over since you were here," she explained.

"Yeah, I'll say so," moaned Swifty. "They've pulled out the old white mantelpiece."

"You miss that, too," she smiled. "It's really a much better room without it."

Where the mantelpiece had been there was now only new, flowered wall paper.

"You see," the young woman went on, "the man who owns the house now can't get rid of it. He tore all the woodwork out of this room and put in brand-new."

"Somebody bought the house, huh?"

"A man named Wolfer."

Swifty threw his dinner pail on the bed and glared at the woman. She went on: "Mr. Wolfer got acquainted with this house by renting this room once from the lady who owned it."

"He did?"

"Oh, there was the deuce to pay about that." She smiled. "She caught him trying to tear down the mantelpiece and she put him out. She thought he was trying to steal it."

"Then *he* bought the house and took out the mantelpiece?" Swifty edged past the young woman into the darkened hall. He was ready to plunge down the stairs and make for Wolfer's Jewelers' Exchange and see about it.

"He bought the house secretly for an awful big price," she continued. "When she found out he had bought it she came into this room, took the mantelpiece down with her own hands, stick by stick, packed it up and shipped it off somewhere."

"Where is she?" Swifty demanded, backing up against the railing in the hall.

THE young woman touched a hand to her cheek.

"Nobody knows that," she said. "She just wanted to lose herself and off she went. She's traveling somewhere. She has a lot of money besides what she got from Wolfer for the house. Someone left her some fine jewelry."

"Jewelry?"

"Pearls. A whole rope of them."

The railing creaked and bent as Moran's body slumped against it.

"You'll take the room?" she asked pleasantly.

Moran made no reply. All he could think of was what he was repeating to himself: "Satan's teardrops."

"Hey, Doc—a customer coming up—I just dropped a pail"
Albert Marucci

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Hoover Loses the West

Continued from page 9

"conversion of marginal and unused land into timber land through reforestation." He declares that this employment would be "self-sustaining and therefore capable of being financed by the issuance of bonds which are made secure by the fact that the growth of tremendous timber crops will provide adequate security for the investment."

To which Chapman replies that each year's employment of a million men would mean an investment unit of two billion dollars in such reforestation.

"And on each year's investment," continued Mr. Chapman, "there would be a wait of approximately sixty years for the crop to mature. This would be the average wait, much depending upon the species, the climate, the soil and luck. The sixty years' average growth period is what is usually calculated by foresters and private investors in considering reforestation."

Measured Comfort

Yet how much more appealing is Mr. Roosevelt's picture than were the cold, measured words of Herbert Hoover when Governor Julius L. Meier of Oregon telegraphed the President to do something to save the lumber manufacturers and the lumber industry. The manufacturers of Washington and Oregon wanted to combine, thus controlling the lumber production and stopping the sale of timber for less than cost.

"I am entirely sympathetic with your desire to stop further degeneration in the lumber industry," replied Mr. Hoover. "The legal problem involved is not one which the Attorney-General of the United States can settle. It is solely a question of the interpretation the courts may have placed and may place on such action. The Attorney-General has no power to give interpretation to the anti-trust laws or approve action which violates these laws."

And so on, leaving the lumber interests to ponder their dreary estate and the unemployed worker to shiver in his despair. Mr. Hoover is legally exact and meticulous, but what of it? What would a Roosevelt have said? A Roosevelt (name of a name!) would have come out with a reverberating blast against "conditions" that made such a situation possible and would have promised to drop everything and fly to the mending. At any rate, that is how the two candidates compare in the popular fancy. Who wants law interpretations? Nobody. Who wants a few reams of sobbing sympathy? Everybody. To hell with facts and fact-finding commissions! You can't eat a report. . . . Therefore the hundreds of thousands of "forgotten men" in the West are marching to Roosevelt. Thinking perhaps of another Roosevelt; but any Roosevelt will do, provided he is fighting the Administration.

But aside from this subject of reforestation, Mr. Roosevelt is being discussed in intimate human terms rather than political. And even so, there was seldom anything definite or positive about it. Yet it was unmistakable that he was being accepted as a possible way out of the wilderness into which Mr. Hoover had led them. And those who tried to explain that possibly all the blame was not Mr. Hoover's, that we, the victims, may have had something to do with it, received the inevitable answer:

"Sure, we may be partly to blame for electing Herbert Hoover in the first place. If we'd had the recall power as we have in state affairs in Washington and Oregon, we'd have corrected that long ago. Listen, this Roosevelt may be no Teddy, but we're going to find out."

Perhaps it is not true that men do not bring miracles to pass today. Perhaps something will happen in the concluding weeks of the campaign to restore the confidence of the crop grower and the livestock raiser in the Republican party. Something. Perhaps, by some lo-and-behold, some prodigy, prosperity or at least contentment will have returned to put millions of men to work, to create markets for glorious food crops that cannot now be sold, to convince us that the uses of adversity are really sweet. All before November. . . . One is privileged to doubt it.

As one hears relatively little of Mr. Roosevelt himself in the Western agricultural domain (very little, that is, of a stature-building character), so one hears little discussion of the most concrete element in the campaign—prohibition.

Yet prohibition is the most active, most alive issue. And not because of any inherent virtue it has as an issue, either. Its importance exists in its human qualities, its understandability, its concreteness, its appeal to the emotions, its vivid color. Necessarily Mr. Hoover's administration has revolved largely around finance—bank failures, mortgage disasters, defunct and moribund bond issues, moratoriums, public deficits and bankruptcies, tax strikes, hugely increased tax levies, tariffs and refinancing. All ugly terms and uglier significances.

As these hobgoblins multiplied, the Westerner, whose interests are overwhelmingly in the land and whose pet aversion is Wall Street, was amazed to discover that he, the agriculturist, probably knew as much about finance as the banker or the economist. And there is no proof that he isn't right, inasmuch as developments demonstrated that the banker (whom the farmer now calls a loan-shark and paper pawnbroker) and the economist (whom he calls Wall Street's ballyhoo) were powerless to check the debacle or predict the morrow.

From President Hoover's own lips came the words that have become the West's most sardonic catch-phrase—"Just around the corner." As a field for sour humor, that honest optimism has joined the flivver and Scottish frugality in fecundity. No effort is made to give Mr. Hoover credit for sincerity. His prophecy might have been forgotten in the general shambles were it not for that pat figure of speech.

Does He Know His Business?

And so Mr. Hoover is cast into the same gloomy corner with the bankers who did not know as much about dollars as the farmer did about wheat and the economist who couldn't foretell tomorrow's markets as expertly as the farmer could the weather. Every man to his trade—and the farmer is convinced that he knows his better than Wall Street and Mr. Hoover know theirs. It is exceedingly unhealthy for the leader when the followers become convinced that their brains are better.

All this, then, has confused the mind of the rank-and-file voter. You hear it wherever men and women talk politics. The West is not convinced that it knows what has to be done before normal prosperity is revived; but it wants to be told. The farmer doesn't under-

(Continued on page 46)

Film on Teeth is Dangerous!

Just look at film under this microscope

Queer germs live on your teeth. Science links them to tooth decay, gum disorders and many other troubles. Germs are glued to teeth by an ever-forming film.

This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth

1 A species of *Lactobacilli* now held responsible for tooth decay by many authorities.

2 A species of *Streptococcus Pyogenes* that lives in the blood and causes serious infection.

YOU don't need a microscope to pick out film-stained teeth. The naked eye can't miss them for film is ugly and disgusting.

But where the naked eye sees ugliness the microscope sees danger. Magnify film 1000 times and you will see living germs of many kinds. Look especially at those rod-shaped ones in pairs and groups—*Lactobacilli* is their scientific Latin name.

Destroyers of lovely teeth

Lactobacilli are the "germs of tooth decay." They feed on the particles of food that cling to teeth. They give off lactic acid that dissolves the tooth enamel, then devours the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscesses and infection.

Lactobacilli appear in countless numbers. In fact, the film scraped from a single tooth may easily contain one million living organisms. The only way science accepts of destroying germs on teeth is to remove the protective film-coat in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. It defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That's why Pepsodent laboratories have always centered their attention on the film-removing properties of their toothpaste.

A new discovery

Now these scientific laboratories have developed a new and revolutionary material for removing ugly film and polishing tooth enamel. It is radically different from any found in other toothpastes, different in composition and in action.

Some toothpastes remove film with materials so hard that they scratch enamel. But the new material in Pepsodent is *soft*—twice as soft as the material commonly used in dentifrices. What's more, this new discovery shows extraordinary power in removing stubborn film and giving brilliant polish.

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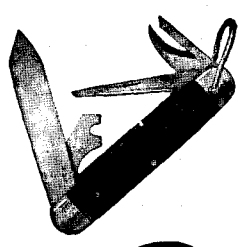

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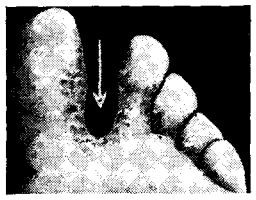
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"



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(Continued from page 45)

stand finance, but is satisfied that the Hoover administration is no wiser than he. Reconstruction Finance Corporations, Home Loan Banks, Farm Boards and similar rescue agencies leave him cold. He sees them through his pocket; and that is darker than ever, being empty.

All of which brings the clearer-cut issue, the simpler one, into sharper focus—prohibition. The farmer, the erstwhile power behind prohibition, seems to have abandoned it as a moral issue. In his current temper, his disposition to clear the decks of the present system, one sees him wave prohibition aside along with the rest of the accumulated débris. He is measuring prohibition by dollars rather than morals. If liquor will supply some of the public moneys that the government and state are seeking to collect from him in new and increased taxes—well, let them have liquor.

But even more frequently is heard the argument that prohibition should be struck from the Federal Constitution in order that Congress and the President may apply themselves to really important matters.

"Prohibition is about all our congressmen seem to get excited about," lamented a Colorado sheep-raiser. "There are at least a dozen issues far more important to the problem of three meals a day and a pair of pants for Sunday, but about all the various candidates have to say about them is that they are for three meals a day and a pair of pants for Sunday. They haven't any more idea how they are going to secure those desirable things for their constituents than the voters have. So what happens? After blaming unemployment and so on on the other fellow, they come out against prohibition for no better reason than that the swing is in that direction. All they are asking is that we who are wondering how we will meet the mortgage and loan interest, and the more fortunate who are merely out of work, will combine to keep them in jobs. The swing is away from prohibition and so the candidates are abandoning it as a dog leaves an empty platter."

This attitude is becoming more widespread in the West day by day. It isn't apparent that Mr. Roosevelt's advantage in the Mountain States and on the Pacific Coast over Mr. Hoover can be laid in any great measure to the greater wetness of the Democratic platform; while prohibition, the most active of all campaign issues because of its intimacy, is dying of its own inherent weaknesses and not because of any party's renunciation.

An Ailing Issue

It was born sick, has never rallied, and was thus poorly equipped to withstand the rigors of depression. Prohibition repeal and modification planks and speeches are vote bait, not individual or party policies. Even Mr. Hoover, hopeful to the last that the country would heed the declarations of his management that prohibition was not an issue, found it expedient in his bid for reëlection to include modification in his appeal for popular support. You might not win a national election on repeal or modification alone, but you could easily lose one.

When Mr. McAdoo, whose political strength in Southern California—the end of the state that elects or rejects for the whole—has been dry, threw the Democratic nomination to the repealist Mr. Roosevelt, he served notice upon Mr. Hoover of what the President's own state thought of prohibition. Any doubts that Mr. Hoover may have had were removed by the warnings he received from the Republican machine.

You'll find nobody of calm, unsubsidized judgment who claims anything but Roosevelt victories in Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico and Oklahoma. The probability is strong that the New Yorker will take the Dakotas, Nebraska and Wyoming. This anti-Hoover tide is strong. Therefore the winning of the West concentrates in the Pacific Coast states. Narrow that fight down and you come to California.

There the Democrats have registered a hundred and thirty per cent more votes than they were able to muster in 1930. Add to that determined showing the very large protest Republican vote that will be Roosevelt's for no better reason than that it is weary of the current line-up and you have a situation that lends no comfort at all to the Hoover management.

Gaps in the Front Line

No one knows this better than the forlorn Republican bosses. Something tells them that they are in for a mean November. The old bold front has gone and they are almost humble. Behold them in California, the ebullient Governor Rolph, the glowering Senator Johnson and the fearful Senator Shortridge, spreading germs of disquiet and apprehension.

In Washington the state Republican machine is moaning low. A Republican sits in the governor's chair—Roland H. Hartley—but he is not the brand of Republican that fattens regulars. In his efforts to relieve his state's strained finances he has thrown scores of earnest patriots out of public office, all of them good organization Republicans. One of the finest compliments a state machine can pay a man has been bestowed upon him: They naïvely assure the public that he is not to be trusted. All of which appears to please the populace enormously. The Republican National Committee views him and his popularity with alarm. Listen!

"When you take a rich man's hand out of the people's pocket, or a politician's fingers out of the public purse, or remove the tentacles of a big corporation from around a public enterprise, you make a lasting, bitter political enemy. . . . This is warfare between the People and Special Privilege."

Sounds like Franklin Roosevelt. But it is Roland H. Hartley, Republican governor of Washington. A fine way for a Republican to be talking in these times!

In Oregon another irregular Republican governs—Julius L. Meier. He lacks the Hartley fire, being a merchant whose liberalism, although definite and anti-organization, is of an indoor breed, while Hartley, the lumberman, roars of the fir forests. But the Meier following is quietly, insidiously anti-Hoover. It may not flow openly to Roosevelt but it is wholly estranged from the current Federal administration. Nowhere in the West is the Hoover ballyhoo weaker than in Oregon.

Just outside the state capital at Salem I met a gentleman who was one of those victims of economies that are ruining the sleep of political machines in these days of belated economy. In his heart was no rancor—just a bit of fear. He had held down political posts so long that working was a lost art with him. And even if he had a yearning for labor there was no place for him to satisfy it.

Cheap News

"The machine," sighed he, "then gave me a dime-a-dozen job running around the state looking for soft spots—places where the Republican organization is paralyzed and anti-Hoover sentiment is strong. Now that's out. The organization doesn't want the truth; it wants to be kidded. All I found was soft spots. The idea was to do something about those soft spots—soak them up. But they were so soft you couldn't even mop them up. So I went back and told the organization the truth and got canned. Know what they told me? They said:

"'Listen, you mug, we didn't hire you to dig up the bad news. We can get that for nothing.'"

He sighed heavily, accepted a cigarette, and then, hopelessly:

"How's things in the East?"

"Just our luck! This one didn't come out!" *Henry Anton*

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 21

Sea. And then he lost Cotton, you know, at Hobart—that almost killed him—and he put me in. The night before—I'll never forget it—I walked the streets. They were leaving in three days, and I'd not been asked to go along! Then Cotton died, and the chief said, 'Thank God, you're here, Barry!'

"Then Arnesen died, our best engineer. He'd been with Scott and Shackleton on various trips. That was another blow to the chief. And after that—"

He was silent a long while. After a while Norah said:

"That was why you didn't want anyone to identify you. The newspapers—the excitement—and Doctor Sassoon not in it."

BARRY said nothing. There was a trough below the spring pool and now four cows moved awkwardly down through a daisy meadow and stopped at the water. The sun sent their long shadows ten feet ahead of them.

"I've been ill," Barry presently burst out. "I've not slept. All the way home I've been in a sweat to get to Foxaway. And then this morning to get here—and feel everything wrong, everything vaguer than ever—

"I don't know! It's in me, I guess, or rather there's something lacking in me. I've been sick for just these things—just this sort of spring day, and yet—

"Yet I come back to annoy you, Norah, and drive the man you love away from you and make you unhappy!"

"You couldn't very well not come home, Barry," she said mildly.

"I broke into your room," he said. "I tried to make you back down; I couldn't."

"I knew what you were trying to do."

"I didn't do it. Norah," Barry said, with a sudden change of manner. "I must ask you something. I'm not teasing you now—I want to help you. How much do you like David Howard?"

"Not very much."

"No, tell me the truth."

"That is the truth."

"But weren't you engaged to him?"

"Well, yes—but that was before you came back."

"No, seriously, my dear," Barry said. "You don't have to say that. You are married to me, technically, of course. But there are circumstances that would make an annulment a very simple thing. I know that. I'll not worry you any more, Norah. I'm going to make this place over to you, as you thought I had by my death, and then I'll get out—"

There was a silence.

"Let's go back to our meeting each other sixteen—eighteen months ago," Norah said. "I was down and out. I advertised—"

"We know all that!" he interposed as she paused.

"I know we do. But I advertised for some man that would be good to my mother, help me take care of her, and I said that I would marry that man if we liked each other. I said that marriage was a serious thing to me, that I would do my best to make his home a real home and make him happy."

"It hasn't turned out that way," Barry said.

"I think it has! Here is the home," Norah said, "and I've worked over every inch of it—the attics and the parlor and the garden. And here you are, home, and here am I."

"And we are not the same persons we were eighteen months ago."

"No, but that doesn't matter. We hardly knew each other then. There's no reason we should have less courage now!"

"Do we know each other better now?"

"I know *you* better!" Norah answered confidently. "I used to think," she went on, "that of all the men who didn't need a wife you were the—the shining example! I thought that you were a born bachelor, and I thought—"

He was sitting on a rock just behind and above the sunken log she had chosen for her own seat; they had both been looking down the wooded slope to the roofs and fences of the farm, all mellowed in shadowless twilight now, and seen through the delicate screen of the new leaves. Norah turned, and her bright face was close to his own, as he leaned toward her.

"I thought, in those very first days," she resumed, "that of all the men who could possibly have answered my letter that—I thought that of all the *possible* men you were really the one I had least expected, the one I was least able to deal with!"

"You expected a movie hero," he said, with a touch of hurt, a hint of shrinking, in his voice.

"Well, I suppose I did," the girl answered, smiling, after a moment's thought. "It's a regular movie story! But it wasn't that, so much," she went on, "as that you were so smart, Barry,—you were older than I, and so quick, and so—so pouncing. I always think of you as pouncing on me!"

"You didn't want a fool, I suppose?"

"No. That's just the point. But I thought I did! And David," Norah admitted, frowning a little, smiling a little at the same time, "is—to all intents and purposes—a fool."

She had laid her hand on his knee; now his fingers covered it.

"David is?" he asked, clearing his throat.

"Yes," she answered decidedly. "I don't mean that he isn't nice, and handsome, and rich, and—and really very fond of me," Norah conceded. "But in every mental and spiritual way he simply—isn't there. The things he says about clothes and shows and taxis and cigarettes and cocktails and motor-cars and guns and comic strips are just what everyone else says, and he isn't interested in anything else!"

"BUT I thought—" Barry began a little huskily, "I thought you and I disagreed, too, Norah, about—well, God, for one thing, and—oh, well, about woman's place in the big scheme—"

"As for God," Norah answered calmly, in the pause, "I've come to see that one explanation of men's incompleteness without women is that they have to find God through women—through a woman. You'll find God. Wait until your work's going well, and you come out to find me bargaining for gooseberry plants, next spring. Wait a few years more, until we bring little Ellen and Barry and the twins and the baby up here, and let them wade—"

Barry used both hands to press his handkerchief over his eyes.

"I guess I'm a little weak, still!" he said, in a trembling voice, when he could face her again.

"A woman can do a great deal for a man," Norah observed, "without writing operas or painting masterpieces for him!"

Barry laughed shakily, catching at her hand again.

"But, Norah, Norah, you don't know me! You don't know that you even like me!"

(Continued on page 48)

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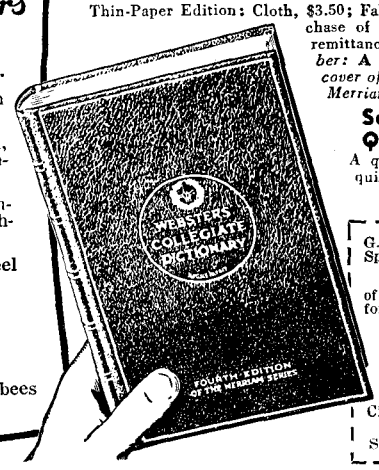
The Questions

1. Who was the mother of Solomon?
2. Is the whale a fish?
3. What is the literal meaning of malaria?
4. What are the five Great Lakes?
5. Who was Iris?
6. What is a catwalk?
7. When was Pompeii destroyed?
8. Of what word is spats an abbreviation?
9. In what common drink is tannic acid found?
10. What is an apiary?

The Answers

1. Bath-sheba.
2. No. It is a mammal.
3. Bad air. (Italian *mala aria.*)
4. Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, Ontario.
5. Goddess of the Rainbow in Greek mythology.
6. Footway along keel of a rigid airship.
7. A.D. 79.
8. Spatterdashes.
9. Tea.
10. A place where bees are kept.



(Continued from page 47)

"As I've come to know you better," the girl persisted, "I've come to like you—to understand you, better than I ever did anyone in my life!"

He stared at her, puzzled.

"What are you talking about, Norah? How can you possibly know me better than you did?"

"I know you because I found all your journals, from your sixth to your seventeenth year—" Norah said calmly.

"Good Lord!" Barry ejaculated, with a horrified glance.

"I thought you were dead," Norah pursued. "I thought that—as your wife—"

"Lots of them were just a few pages," he said, uncomfortably.

"Oh, yes, you'd skipped lots. But I read about the little boy that used to pretend he had lots of sisters and brothers. And I read about the tenth birthday party."

She looked at him fairly.

"It made me cry," she confessed. And now her brown hand went out, and she laid it on his. "I found out in those diaries," she went on, "what's the matter with you—why you act so—so silly sometimes, and are always laughing and—getting off—smart cracks!"

THE touch of her hand had changed him; his keen eyes were soft, his voice humble as he turned to her:

"Why do I act so, Norah?"

"Because you're shy, Barry. Because those beastly cousins and uncles of yours made you self-conscious—made you miserable, when you were a lonely little boy. You were smarter than they, and you knew it, and you developed this—this armor of—whatever it is—"

"Smart cracks," he supplied.

"Well, self-defense. And Barry," *Norah cleared her throat, but her voice* remained husky, "Barry, you like me very much, don't you?" she asked.

He smiled; blinked wet eyelashes.

"Do I?"

"Yes, you do."

"What makes—what makes you think so?"

"The dreadful—the *abominable* way you've been acting all day!" Norah said, and they both laughed shakily.

"I like you so much, my dear, that I couldn't make you unhappy," Barry told her, in the simplest tone she had ever heard him use. There was a pause.

"Some day I'll come back," he said, trembling.

"You'll not go away. The others will, but you and I will stay here—just ourselves. And you'll rest, Barry, and wander about here, and we'll bring our suppers up into the woods, or take them over to the lake shore. And when you can't sleep at night," Norah, said, tears in her smiling eyes, "your wife will be there—to keep you from being lonely."

"And frightened," he whispered, smiling; but his face was wet; "frightened for Fred Sassoon—thinking—"

"And some day," Norah said, "you'll do him—do Fred Sassoon, in a biography. Who else could, Barry? You knew him, you were with him until almost the end, you know what he thought and said. That'll be your tribute to him; the thing only you can do. Your name—you knew that?—was the last word he wrote."

"I know," he said.

"Could you do that, Barry?"

"I don't know—"

The sun was gone now; the fragrant May world was washed with clear shadowless light.

"It wouldn't be fair to you, Norah."

"Nothing else would be fair to me!"

"It would be heaven to be here with you."

"It *is* heaven!

"When I first came," she presently began again, as he was silent, "I felt—every fiber of me—that I belonged here. I remember coming out of that barn door there on one of the first days just at dusk, when it was going to snow, and *feeling like shouting—feeling like flying*, because it was Foxaway and I was here.

"Lately, just these last few months, you've been here, too. I've thought of you—dead, and never having had your happy times here, your picnics at the pool, or taking your mattress up to the nine-acre meadow."

"You found that, too?"

"I tell you I know you through and through. And now, today, you come back," Norah went on, "still a shy little boy wanting to be loved—not knowing quite how to manage it—contrary and stupid—"

He was on his knees beside her on the grass, his arms locked about her.

"Norah, I'll make you love me! I'll live to make you happy! You shall have everything you want—your mother here, Barbara—I'll love them—I love to have the old rooms full! We'll have fires, and Christmas feasts, and we'll read books together. But be kind to me now; don't send me away. I could have borne it a few hours ago, but I couldn't go now! No one has ever been so heavenly kind as you have been, just this hour!"

She was stroking his hair; thick, stubborn hair.

"I'll never let you go," she assured him, in her tender, young, motherly voice. "I've been trying to tell you—it isn't what I thought it was *going to* be—but I've been trying to tell you—"

"What?" he whispered. For Norah had stopped short as if she could never *go on.*

"That I love you, I suppose. It's—queer," Norah confessed simply. "It's more like a possession, or a fever, than *being happy—than having a case.* But it's—that."

"I worship you," he said in a shaking voice. "I worship you. My whole life changes tonight. Nothing else matters—nothing else so important has ever come to me. I never thought it would come! I never dreamed anyone so lovely—so infinitely—*dear*, would ever be. Norah, I'll live for you—there'll be nothing else—

"It means that everything—everything that's gone before is worth while—everything's been right—leading up to this—"

THERE was a silence. Their eyes clung together. Norah marked the two half-circles of his heavy brows with delicate fingertips.

"Feathers!" she said, smiling a mother's smile.

"Norah, must we ever go back to them, the others?"

"They'll be gone in a day or two."

"I can't—I can't end this hour."

"I've *got* to. Dessert is sponge cake and jam, and I make the sponge cakes! But afterward—there's a moon. Shall you and I walk up to the meadow above here, and see it rise? Or are you too tired?"

"I am winged!" he said.

"Then we'll slip away," she said. "But we must go down now."

She stood beside him a minute, and the smile Barry gave her she thought might be the same smile a lonely, little, affectionate diarist had given his invalid mother years ago.

"I'm happy, Barry!" the girl said.

"I can't believe I'm awake. I'm on an iceberg somewhere, going off into a coma."

"You're wide awake."

"And it's you and I for the rest of the chapter?" he said.

"Me and my husband!" she said.

They went down the slope and past the stile, and so to Foxaway farmhouse together.

THE END

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More Fun and Less Arnica

Continued from page 20

"Some objection has been raised to this new rule on the ground that it will eliminate from the game occasional spectacular plays. This is true. It will prevent a ball-carrier who slips on a muddy field and falls to the ground with no opponent near him from getting up and racing for a touchdown. If the controlling interest of the committee had been to retain in the game all of its spectacular features, it would undoubtedly have tried to qualify the new rule in some way so that it could never work a seeming hardship.

"The committee believed that any attempt to qualify what is otherwise a perfectly simple and entirely workable rule would seriously impair its effectiveness. The rule as adopted will eliminate a few thrilling plays, but it will prevent literally hundreds of injuries if honestly accepted by players and coaches as being in the interest of the game and if strictly enforced by officials."

Bring on the Substitutes

"How about the new substitution rule?" I inquired.

"There are really two new rules on substitution," replied Mr. Hall. "The first is designed to remove the temptation for a player to remain in the game when he ought to come out.

"It has always been recognized that a player who is tired, dazed or slightly injured is peculiarly susceptible to injury. In fact, it is under these conditions that the majority of serious injuries occur. And so the rules have for many years made it extremely easy to remove a player and to send in a substitute at any time. If a player was removed from the game, however, he could not return during the same half. Accordingly, there existed the temptation for a player to conceal or minimize a slight injury or temporary exhaustion because he realized that if he left the game in the first half he could not return till the second half, and if he went out in the second half he could not return at all.

"The new rules undertake to remove this temptation by allowing a player who leaves the game in any quarter to return in any subsequent quarter. There will no longer be any reason for a player's concealing or minimizing his injuries, or for a coach or a trainer to hesitate to take immediately from the game any player concerning whose fitness to remain there may be the slightest question.

"The second change in the substitution rule is designed to restrict the indiscriminate and untimely rushing of substitutes onto the field of play. Hereafter, substitutes can be sent in only when play is temporarily suspended for some other purpose and time is being taken out. Substitutions made at any other time, unless for the purpose of taking out an injured player, will cost the team making the substitution five yards of distance or the loss of one of the three 'time out' periods allowed each team in every half."

"I have heard the claim made," I said to Mr. Hall, "that the enforcement of the new rule concerning the use of hands on the head of an opponent by linemen of a team on the defense would place an additional burden on the officials and that there would be many hair-line and difficult decisions."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Hall, "I believe that the work of the officials in this connection has been greatly simplified. All the official has to do is to decide whether a player is using his hands in striking or punishing an opponent or whether he is using his hands in pushing and warding off an opponent. 'Striking,' when done with the back of the hand, side of the hand, the fist, or the heel of the hand or with the forearm, is not a difficult act to recognize.

"The only close cases that are likely to arise, as I see it, are when the player hits his opponent in the face with the palm of the hand. The official will then have to decide whether the player was using the palm of his hand to strike or to punish or whether he was legitimately using them to ward off or push his opponent out of the way. Here again is a case where we do not rely on one-hundred-per-cent enforcement of the rule by officials to put an end to the practice of the improper use of the hands.

"The practice will disappear because the rule is so clear that it does not invite attempts at evasion. All coaches will now be saying to their pupils: 'Now remember, this is a football game and not a boxing match. Use your hands accordingly.'

"There you have the seven major changes in the playing rules for 1932. One seeks to curb the abuses of the substitution privilege. Another is aimed at unnecessary and unsportsmanlike roughness. The other five are designed solely to make the game safer. The mere framing of these rules, of course, was only the first step. They will be effective in direct proportion to their whole-hearted acceptance by players, coaches and officials—and, perhaps most particularly, by the undergraduates, the alumni, the parents and friends of the players and others who make up the football public.

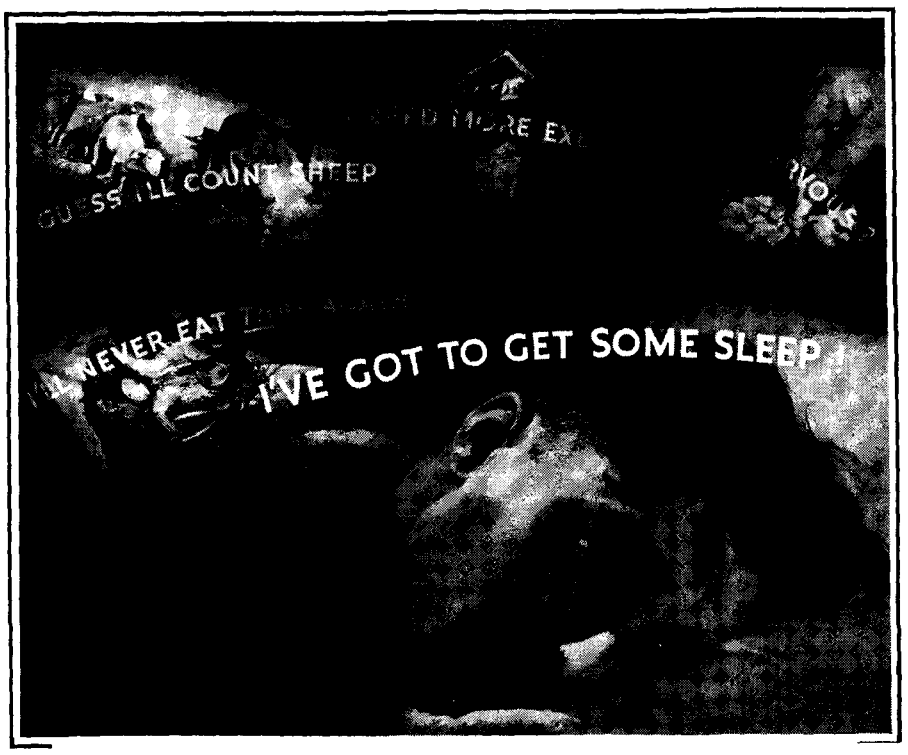
"The Rules Committee appeals to all true friends of the game to get behind these changes and insist on their being made effective. They are designed solely for the protection of the boys to whom the game belongs and for the preservation of the game at its best. Football is outstandingly the best of school and college sports. The lessons it teaches both players and onlookers are far-reaching and invaluable. Neither as an outlet for animal spirits nor as a character builder has it any superior. It calls for and develops physical stamina, clean living, respect for discipline, contempt for trivialities, control of temper, coöperation, sportsmanship, determination and courage.

Watch Them Work

"In all games or sports involving either speed or physical contact some possibility of accident and of physical injury is inevitably present. It is so in baseball, it is so in basketball, hockey and the rest. These games cannot be made safe in the sense that the ordinary hazards incident to both speed and impact can be entirely eliminated any more than automobiling can be made entirely safe by wise traffic regulations and mechanical devices. But I have no hesitation in saying that if all who call themselves friends of the game will get behind these rule changes and make them effective, both in letter and in spirit, football will be safer than ever before in its history."

All of which sounds good to us; we can scarcely wait for the season to open.

Ready, William and Mary?
Ready, Southern Methodists?
Whistle!



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Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the fact that more than 20,000 doctors advise its use. *Try* it—and see for yourself.

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As you continue to take Ovaltine, note how quickly you fall asleep *every* night—how much better you feel mornings. Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—how vitality multiplies!

Why not 'phone for it now?

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

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AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! I HAVEN'T HAD A SQUARE MEAL IN A DOG'S AGE
MENU
BUSINESS MENS LUNCH
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OL' MAN BUSINESS

The Bright-Faced Future

SIGNS of the new era of active business are in the air. Doubt is being dispelled. Fresh hope and energy are arising.

Nobody has a time schedule for the turn of depression into prosperity, but all capable of perceiving facts know that revival is coming.

Many factors are accomplishing the change. The expansion of credit through the Federal Reserve System and the new national lending agencies is helping. The confidence inspired by the virtual wiping out of reparations at Lausanne has stimulated hope everywhere. Faith in our capacity and in our willingness to deal with complex difficulties is aroused. Subtly pessimism and apathy have been transformed into energetic hope.

Individuals and corporations will undoubtedly prosper greatly in the era ahead. Those sagacious and alert enough to identify their fortunes with the new commodities which generally appear at a time of reviving business will be conspicuous.

Think of the industries, fortunes, reputations and dynasties which have been built upon such things as the motor car, the airplane, the radio and all the countless electrical conveniences we use.

Invention and research are still enormously busy and exceedingly fruitful. New harvests are ready for the reaping. Along precisely what lines the next changes will proceed, no one can say definitely. What we do know is that the new commodities which survive must contribute in some important way to human needs and aspirations.

Perhaps the inventions of the next few years will center around the home. The standard of living for the multitude will surely rise for a long time to come, and whatever adds greater comfort and more beauty to the lives of millions will be welcomed.

Better homes, more conveniences in homes, the substitution of electric power for human drudgery, these are the broad trends.

Possibly we shall live in houses manufactured by mass-production methods. Inventions for such houses have already been made. Doubtless we shall try to cool our houses and escape debilitating heat as we now avoid cold. However it comes, we can be sure that those who offer commodities which enlarge our lives, as motor cars and the radio have, will stand high in the new era.

Not less certain is the fact that new ideas are going to be applied generally throughout business. We have not lived through the last three years without learning something vastly important to our future.

Perhaps the most far-reaching lesson we have mastered is the fact that uninterrupted popular buying power is quite as necessary as mass production to large-scale industry.

We have achieved miracles in reducing the costs of manufacture by machinery. We shall achieve the miracle of stabilizing earnings and incomes so that we can buy and use what we make with marvelous efficiency.

Here, for example, is Albert G. Milbank, an able lawyer and director of large and conservative corporations, pointing out the benefits to be derived from employment reserve funds. He has said:

"Had five per cent of the net profits of industry been set aside during the five-year period from 1925 to 1929 and had this sum been augmented by employee contributions equivalent to two per cent of the aggregate pay roll, it is estimated reserves would have been accumulated to the amount of at least five billion dollars, which would have been of inestimable value in meeting conditions from which the country is now suffering."

In an article in The Survey, Mr. Milbank outlines other methods we shall adopt to stabilize industry and employment and to avoid the alternations of feast and famine which have characterized industry.

We shall tend to make the public welfare the test of any business policy.

Business, moreover, will necessarily be humanized. Already many of the largest life insurance companies are owned by their policyholders. Ownership of large corporations is widely distributed and, in many, employees own very large blocks of stock. This, too, will extend.

Finally, we shall have to revise our trust laws so that coöperation for sound public purposes may be achieved. Already railroads, which a few years ago were forbidden to combine, have now been compelled by law to consolidate. What is good national policy for transportation will prove to be good policy in other fields.

If we are wise we shall accept and work for the changes which are destined to come. For having experienced the vicissitudes of the past years we are ready for a more stable prosperity built upon the widest possible consumption of the good things we have learned so abundantly to produce.

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